WHAT'S WRONG WITH PSYCHOLOGY?

The Washington Monthly

DECEMBER 1978/$1.50

GRAY POWER

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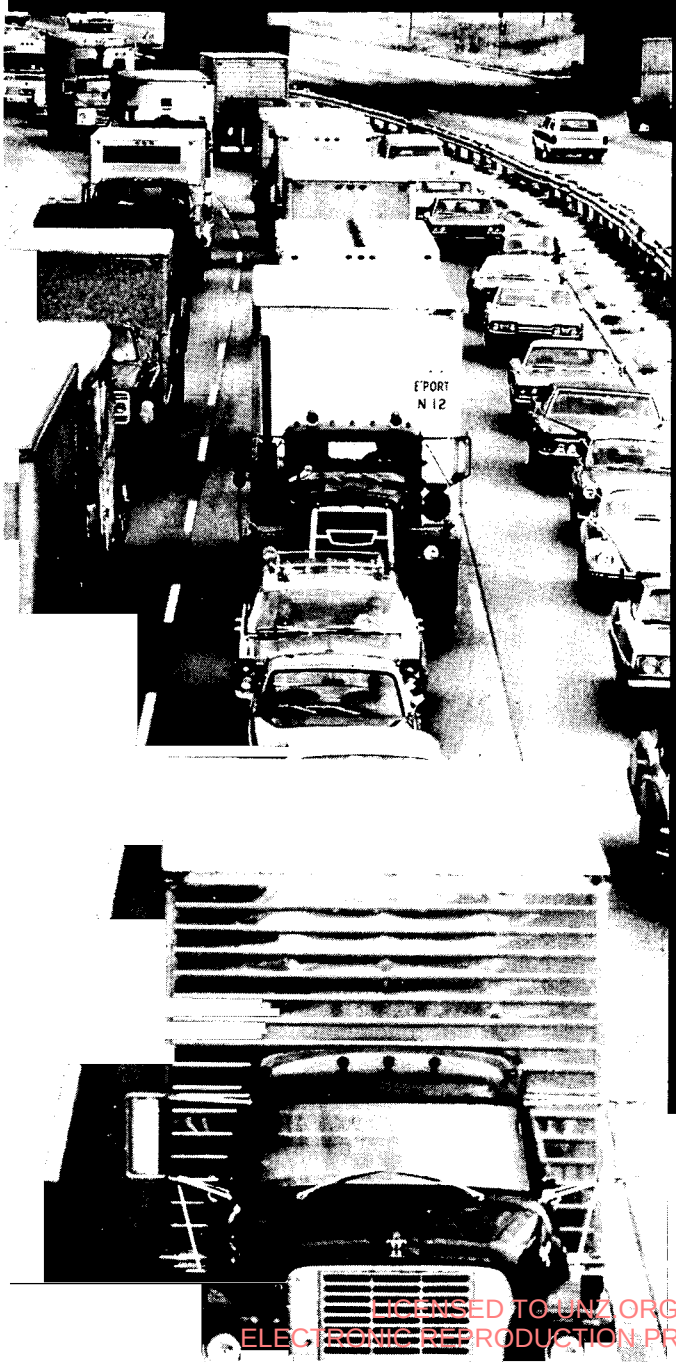

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Corruption

A Study In Political Economy

By SUSAN ROSE-ACKERMAN

Does the continued operation of a mixed capitalist system require political participants to dedicate themselves to democratic ideals, even when this is not otherwise in their self-interest? Does a realistic model of a stable modern society require government bureaucrats and private agents who value honesty even when high personal scruples are not rewarded by superiors? This interdisciplinary study moves beyond the details of particular cases to subject these political and bureaucratic issues to critical economic analysis. The opening chapters demonstrate how the incentives for corruption depend upon political competition, the knowledge of voters, and the organizational structure of legislatures, interest groups, and bureaucracies.

The discussion of these relationships contrasts outright bribery with legal campaign contributions and other forms of political influence. These chapters present a new 'economic' argument on behalf of the traditional democratic virtues of an informed citizenry. The second half of the book critically discusses legal and administrative sanctioning strategies, and explores the possibilities for bureaucratic reform. The book concludes with an assessment of the link between political and administrative structure, on the one hand, and the moral scruples, ideologies, and professional norms of individual agents and citizens, on the other.

CONTENTS: *Introduction*. Corruption as a Problem in Political Economy. *Legislative Corruption*. Corruption and the Legislative Process: The Cost of Influence in an Individualistic Legislature. Interest Group Activity and the Legislature: Corruption, Campaign Contributions and Lobbying. Bureaucratic Corruption and the Legislative Process. *Bureaucratic Corruption*. Lining Up and Paying Off. Monopolistic Bureaucracy. Competitive Bureaucracy: Corruption in Regulatory and Social Programs. Competitive Bureaucracy: Vagueness, Coercion, and Market Structure. Bureaucratic Structure and Corruption. Corruption and The Private Sector. *Conclusion*. Conclusions: Economics, Politics, and Morality.

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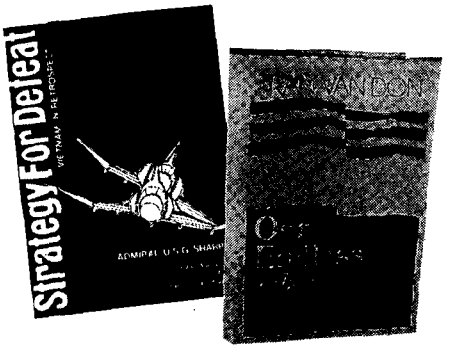

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VOLUME TEN NUMBER NINE
DECEMBER 1978

TILTING AT WINDMILLS 5

Serving the Rich: The Washington Y
by Arthur Levine
How a valuable community institution forgot what it stood for. 10

The Future is in Florida
by Joseph Burkholder Smith
Tomorrow's senior boom has already happened in the Sunshine State, where the elderly show signs of becoming the most powerful special interest of all. 22

The Plane: Cruising to Armageddon
by Blythe Babyak
In case of nuclear war, the President has a $250 million ticket to safety. But will he make the flight? 32

TIDBITS AND OUTRAGES 37

How the Supreme Court Sabotaged Civil Service Reform
by Robert M. Kaus
Jimmy Carter said he wanted to make it easier to fire incompetent federal employees. Then he found out that may be unconstitutional. 38

What's Wrong With Psychology?
by Michael Nelson
Modern psychological therapy is as effective as:
a) a few beers
b) a day in the country
c) a talk with a friend
d) none of the above 46

RICHARD REEVES ON POLITICAL BOOKS 60

POLITICAL BOOKNOTES 62

LETTERS 4
WHO'S WHO 29
MEMO OF THE MONTH 45
POLITICAL PUZZLE 56
WHERE TO STAY IN WASHINGTON 57

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Letters

How to Make the Front Page

In "How To Make The Front Page" [October], author Joseph Nocera advises publicity-hungry politicians never to let the facts get in the way, a principle Nocera himself seems devoted to.

Nocera says Sen. Howard Metzenbaum, D-Ohio, regularly packages propaganda on hearings he is to conduct, sends it to "the friendly crew who work in the Washington bureau of *The Cleveland Plain Dealer*" and thus is assured of a front-page story on Sunday.

This is completely contrary to the facts. Not only is there no pattern of Metzenbaum getting page-one advances on hearings, it has not happened even once.

Obviously, Nocera has taken his own advice and in this instance did not let the facts get in the way of his writing.

ROBERT H. SNYDER
Washington, D.C.

Robert H. Snyder is the Washington bureau chief of The Plain Dealer.

The editor replies:

We were right about the advances but wrong about the front page. We were also wrong to suggest that *The Plain Dealer's* Washington bureau was biased in favor of Metzenbaum. Its record under Robert Snyder simply does not support such a statement and we apologize to the bureau.

Conflict-of-Interest Craze

Michael Kinsley, in his thought-provoking article on conflicts-of-interest ["The Conflict-of-Interest Craze," November], asks sarcastically, "How can I possibly serve two competing liberal magazines at the same time?" I suggest, as a subscriber to both, that he might not be able to do so.

Just as when newspaper reporters write books on topics they have already covered, Kinsley's article makes me wonder why I didn't get the full value of his work in the publication that employs him full time and to which I pay an ever increasing price. Especially since Kinsley, as a member of *The New Republic* management, does not work a fixed set of hours, the value of the time and thought that went into his *Washington Monthly* article is lost to readers of *The New Republic*, and some other author writing on some other worthy topic was shut out of the November issue of *The Washington Monthly*.

IRA R. ALLEN
Silver Spring, Maryland

In his article "The Conflict-of-Interest Craze," Michael Kinsley alludes to a recent article by me in *Harper's*, in which I had suggested that James Moorman, the Assistant Attorney General for the Lands and Natural Resources Division, had an "ideological" conflict of interest because, as an ardent environmentalist, he appeared to be reluctant to undertake an effective defense of another agency of the government, the Export-Import Bank, which had been sued by an environmental group.

Kinsley suggests that this is not a conflict but a "confluence" of interest. "Moorman believes in a cause," Kinsley writes. "He used to advance that cause at the Sierra Club, now he does it at the Justice Department. That is his job. He makes no attempt to hide his sympathies. . . . The fact that his previous—or even concurrent—behavior comports with his openly expressed opinions is reassuring, not objectionable."

I shall try to make my point more plainly as I believe Kinsley has failed to grasp it. In the first place, high government jobs carry with them specific functions, and it is not intended that some of these functions be slighted or ignored in accordance with the ideology of the office-holder. . . .

Like Kinsley, I see no reason why a declared environmentalist such as Moorman should not be brought in to uphold government rules and regulations that are intended to protect the environment. But the point about Moorman's *job*—and I stress that this is as much the fault of the job description as it is Moorman's—is that it also entails defending a commerce-oriented government agency, Ex-Imbank, *against* attacks by environmentalists. . . .

Incidentally, it did not emerge at Moorman's Senate confirmation hearing that his job would ever involve working *against* environmentalists. At one point Moorman said: "I view, for example, my role as assistant attorney general to be to represent, let's say, the Environmental Protection Agency. I will take their point of view with respect to these matters, rather than any private party's point of view." And that was the exclusive impression of his "role" that the senators received.

Come now, Mr. Kinsley! Admit that the duties of this office are indeed hard to reconcile if the officeholder has strong ideological inclinations. How would you feel if the position was held by a Republican-appointed Chamber of Commerce type, who had persuaded the Senate to confirm him because he promised to do a good job of defending Ex-Imbank and the Commerce Department against suits by environmentalists, but then, once in office, neglected to enforce EPA regulations because of his pro-business ideology. Wouldn't that be a dastardly turn of events? A conflict of interest, perhaps?

TOM BETHELL
Washington, D.C.

Tom Bethell is a Washington editor of Harper's *and a contributing editor of* The Washington Monthly.

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Tilting at Windmills

If the San Diego crash gave you even a moment's pause about the hazards of private planes, consider this fact: any of their owner-pilots are free to climb into their planes dead-drunk and take off. This just might have something to do with the fact that private planes have a much higher accident rate than commercial planes. But their owners do not come from the deprived classes and have a strong lobby that protects them from sensible regulation. . . . The pension bill signed by the President last month has been condemned by such publications as *The Washington Post*, *Fortune* magazine, *The Boston Globe*, and *The Wall Street Journal*. None recognized its desirable feature, which relates the pensions for non-wounded disabled veterans to their income levels. This way, the needy receive help, but money is not wasted on those who don't need it. This is the essential reform required in all our income maintenance programs—from social security to unemployment compensation—if we are going to keep them from bankrupting us with payments to people who don't need the money. It is depressing that none of our leading editors seem to have thought enough about income maintenance to realize the problem and thus recognize what was good in this bill. . . . The tonic effect of high interest rates is sometimes difficult to perceive by those of us who have to pay them. But it's certainly clear to those on the other side of the transaction. Citicorp reports "record results for the first nine months of 1978," with a 36 per cent third quarter income over last year. Chase Manhattan Corp. and Bank America Corp. reported third quarter earnings up 32 and 62 per cent respectively. . . .

Ruth Carter Stapleton is now in the tourist business. She leads groups of 75 on a ten-day, $1,300 tour of the Holy Land. . . . Frederick Crowley resigned from his job as a Navy lawyer in September. He had represented the Navy in a billion-dollar contract dispute with Litton Industries. In October he placed an ad in *The Wall Street Journal* describing the dispute as "the largest claim ever filed against the U.S. under a government contract." Crowley went on to say that "he seeks associations with law firms and representations of contractors and others with claims against any agencies of the U.S. government." This is a bit blatant, but more subtle versions are common. A typical example is this engraved announcement from Fried, Frank, Harris, Shriver and Kampelman, a Washington law firm: "Paul Shnitzer, formerly associate general counsel for procurement of the United States General Accounting Office, has this day joined our firm. . . ."

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A couple of years ago Ivan Illich wrote a book arguing that many of our health problems are "iatrogenic"—meaning they are caused by physicians. Now comes a report by Dr. Milton I. Roemer of the University of California showing that during early 1976, when many doctors withheld their services to protest increases in malpractice insurance premiums, Los Angeles County experienced a significant drop in its death rate.... The Faustian bargain behind the Civil Service Reform law was its inclusion, to appease employee groups, of provisions granting unions new collective bargaining rights. White collar unions are one of the main forces behind the bureaucratization of America. They are not like the unions that protect those who run our assembly lines or dig our coal. Some government employees' unions, like Jerry Wurf's AFSCME, started out that way, fighting valiantly for the people who empty our bedpans and collect our garbage. But now they're fighting just as hard for salary increases for GS-15s, most of whom are overpaid and underworked.... Now that the Interstate Highway System is almost complete, we will probably end up paying several times its original cost in order to rebuild it. The reason? Federal aid, under the laws governing the interstates, is available for "resurfacing, restoration, and rehabilitation" of the highways but not for routine maintenance such as sealing cracks and filling potholes.... An item from "Ear," *The Washington Star*'s gossip column: "At the steeplechase in Middleburg Saturday: Tongsun Park and Tandy Dickinson sauntering hand in hand, stopping to chat up True Davis." This is the eternal Washington—socially pleasant, morally corrupt, and artfully managing life so that it is spent at places like Middleburg instead of Leavenworth. Park, you know, is the briber of congressmen. Dickinson may be blameless except for her taste in men. Davis is a former ambassador, who also served as Tony Boyle's front man while Boyle was using ownership of the National Bank of Washington to take money from the United Mine Workers' pensions and give it to himself and other union officials.... Have you seen those Eastern Airlines ads with Frank Borman, the former astronaut and now president of the company, looking so sincere and straightforward and decent? He demoted, then grounded, the pilot who had blown the whistle on the defect that caused the December 1972 crash of an Eastern L1011 near Miami that killed 103 people. Borman, according to the pilot, did nothing about the defect until seven months after the crash, when a report revealing it as the cause was issued by the National Transportation Safety Board.... If you read Robert M. Kaus' article on trade in last month's issue, you may be interested to know that Otto Eckstein, the liberal economist, was recently quoted in *The Washington Post* as saying the only way to stop the dollar slide would be to take direct action against foreign imports. "We need sharp restrictions on trade," he says, "We're being done in by our friends."... We're also being done in by our own citizens. Why on earth, for example, do American automakers raise their own prices when the dollar decline causes foreign manufacturers to raise theirs? This looks like a magic chance to recapture their lost markets, but they're throwing it away. Are they crazy, or, as General Haig would say, is there some sinister force at work?

Last month James Fallows resigned as the White House's chief speechwriter. He will become Washington editor for *The Atlantic* and will resume his role as contributing editor of *The Washington Monthly*. During his service at the White House he wrote four articles for this magazine that appeared under other names. They were: "How Jimmy Carter Can Find Out What Government Is Doing" (January 1977), "How To Stop Masturbating" (October 1977), "The

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American Class System and How to End It" (February 1978), and "China and India and Me" (March 1978). Fallows received no compensation for these articles. They were published under other names solely because he wanted to avoid embarrassment to the White House. . . . The problem with our antitrust laws and their enforcement system could not be illustrated better than by the FTC's case against the big cereal companies, important because it was the first direct attack on the oligopoly (or shared monopoly) problem. The investigation behind it began eight years ago. The case was filed in 1972. It has cost the government $5 million, and the government may have to start all over again. The administrative judge who has been hearing the case has decided to retire. . . . Last month we ran an article by Michael Kinsley criticizing the obsession of our legal system with avoiding the appearance of "conflicts of interest." A classic example of the "form-over-substance" conflict cropped up in the news last month. It also involves the FTC, whose chairman, Michael Pertschuk, was disqualified by a federal court from taking part in the agency's hearings on the fairness of television ads aimed at children. Judge Gerhard Gesell's opinion in the case should be read by any student of the process by which our administrative agencies have been hamstrung by the requirement that they behave like courts. Pertschuk's participation, according to Gesell, would deprive the poor advertising industry of its constitutional rights. It seems the FTC chief had made "conclusory statements" against the TV ads, and this gave the "appearance" that he would be unable to decide the case fairly. But what did Gesell think—that Pertschuk, who has been fighting tooth and nail to keep Congress from cutting the TV inquiry out of his budget, really has no views on the matter? Pertschuk was appointed precisely because he does have strong views, and all we should expect from him is that he be willing to change them if the hearings turn up contrary facts. Instead, Gesell would require him to maintain a false facade of disinterest. The judge should be ashamed of himself. . . .

The bureaucratic cause of both the recent service recruiting scandal and My Lai is the same. If pressure is put on an organization to achieve number goals, the sins committed in pursuit of the goals will be in direct proportion to the amount of pressure exerted. McNamara's body count in Vietnam resulted in the indiscriminate shooting of farm animals, women, and children, just as the recruiting pressure caused the recruiters to sign up the unqualified. This doesn't mean that numerical goals are always wrong. It simply means that they must be accompanied by careful attention to how they are being achieved in the field. Anyway, there has been one happy result to the service scandals. A lot of illegal aliens have attained citizenship by being

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inducted into the Army. (The law provides that if they are honorably discharged from the service, they become citizens.) Since I think new immigrants are life's blood to this country and that we have, since the twenties, unduly restricted them, this part of the recruiting scandal doesn't bother me. . . . Another more questionable excess was revealed in the recent trial of Captain Leon T. Davis, the radiologist who claimed the Army had reneged on the recruiting promises it had made to him and others. The evidence showed that one of the Army's promises was that it would promote doctors from captain to major after three years without regard to how they had performed. . . .

Mother Jones earned a lot of credit with its exposure of the deadly defect in the Pinto. But it has used up a bit of that credit recently. First with a statement in its August issue that "half of the West Virginia state legislators are millionaires." This is the kind of exaggeration that earns radical journalism a bad name. I served in the West Virginia legislature, have friends there now, and know that few of them are millionaires. (The real radical truth about West Virginia is that it is a colony that never had its fair share of millionaires.) And now *Mother Jones* has put out a piece of promotional literature that says, "Keep in mind that *Mother Jones* is run by a non-profit foundation, so we are beholden not to investors or a corporation, but to you, the subscriber." The assumption here is that being owned by investors or a corporation is automatically evil and that non-profit is automatically good. This is one of the assumptions of the left that drives us around the bend. *The Washington Monthly* is owned by investors. They have never demanded or even suggested we publish anything—or at least they have done so only twice. One asked us to review a friend's book. It turned out we already had reviewed the book and had panned it. The investor continued to support us. Another investor urged us to do a story that we ignored—largely because the members of our staff shared *Mother Jones*' suspicion of investors. He then told another publication about the story, and it won a Pulitzer Prize for it. . . . Anyway, as any magazine publisher knows, an important reason why magazines like *Mother Jones* go "non-profit" is that they get much cheaper mailing rates. Taxpayers, through higher postal subsidies, pay mailing costs that those big bad investors must pay for other publications. . . . So non-profit is not automatically virtuous (see Arthur Levine's article on the YMCA in this issue). Nor is profit automatically evil. This doesn't mean profits can't be obscene, which is why I'm for price controls now (more about this next month). But it's distressing that the two forces that have made this nation, profit and politics, have both become bad words to respectable Americans. For our latest on what's happened to politics, see "How the Supreme Court Sabotaged Civil Service Reform," by Robert M. Kaus on page 38.

Here from Susan Mary Alsop is the latest of our social notes from Washington:

"I consider the Rolly Evans' is a very amusing house to go to. I love the Krafts. And we mustn't forget the Fritcheys. I went to a marvellous party at the Bradens the other night. It was Joanie's birthday.

"She called up the afternoon of the party and said 'I need your help, things are getting a bit out of hand. I've got too much rank.' I said, 'Well, what's going on, I thought it was just a group of old buddies.' She said, 'Well, it is, sort of, but I have the Kissingers, the British ambassador, the Iranian ambassador, four senators—Baker, Heinz, Mathias and Ribicoff—and I wrote a note of congratulation the other day to Mrs. Brzezinski about the Camp David summit and how proud she must be of her husband's work. Brzezinski called me up to thank me

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for the letter so I said casually, by the way, I'm having a little party next Monday but if by any chance you're free let me know at the last minute. Well he just let me know. They're coming. What do I do about the seating?' "

The Washington Metropolitan Area Transit Commission was set up to regulate the private bus companies in the D.C. area. Several years ago, the buses were taken over by local governments. So, there were no more private bus companies. Has the Commission gone out of business? Of course not. It continues to keep its employees occupied with such vital matters as determining which private limousine agency will carry TWA employees between Dulles Airport and Washington. This took 18 months to decide, cost the commission $30,000 to hear, and cost one of the companies involved $21,000 in legal fees. The lowest bidder was the loser, of course. And the run was worth at most $3,500 a year in profits. . . . According to Robert A. Merry of *The Wall Street Journal*, the Postal Service may soon have to pay its workers a billion dollars in overtime payments that should have been given to them since the federal labor standards act was amended in 1974. (The amendment required government agencies, including the Postal Service, to pay overtime that they "suffer or permit," even if it is not authorized.) Back in 1974, while the amendment was pending, the Post Office wrote the White House that it threatened "no adverse effect on the activities of the Postal Service, which does not contemplate that this measure will result in additional costs." Some saw the new law's potential impact more clearly, however. Gerald Feder, who, as chief counsel to a Senate Labor subcommittee, helped write the amendment, left the subcommittee staff shortly after it passed to become an associate of Donald Murtha, who had already won a $25-million suit against the Post Office on another matter. Together they filed overtime suits on behalf of 60,000 workers. Consider for a moment the difference between "suffer or permit" and "authorized" and you'll be able to share the golden vision of Feder and Murtha. . . . Medical lab charges add about $11 billion to the nation's annual health bill. A sizable portion of this amount goes to pay kickbacks to the doctors who order the tests. "As a rule, doctors want a 40 per cent return on their testing business," according to Edward L. Morgan of the Illinois Association of Clinical Laboratories. Increasingly, however, physicians are avoiding tiresome ethical questions about kickbacks by forming their own clinics that do all their lab work and pay them 100 per cent. . . . The Interior Department's National Park Service maintains five lodges—in the Blue Ridge mountains of Virginia, the Catoctin mountains of Maryland, the Grand Tetons of Wyoming, on Cape Hatteras in North Carolina, and on the Gulf of Mexico—for use by government employees who need to relax. Not exactly all government employees. According to Ira E. Whitlock, chief of the Park Services' congressional liaison division, who handles reservations, he usually refuses people below the rank of assistant secretary or congressman. When one congressman wanted to stay three weeks at Camp Hoover (the Blue Ridge lodge), Whitlock turned him down. "He wasn't in a position of life or death with us," Whitlock explained to *The Washington Star*. "That's one of the reasons I thought his request was out of line. If he were chairman of the subcommittee on Interior appropriations, well then I could understand asking for three weeks." As for his high entrance requirements, Whitlock noted, "You have to be flexible though. This year there's one congressional staffer who's worked his tail off for us on bills. He's done more for us than many congressmen. . . . Now if he were to call me and ask for it and if it were free, of course I'd say yes."

—*Charles Peters*

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Serving the Rich: The Washington Y

by Arthur Levine

All I wanted was to become part of the physical elite. You can spot them everywhere these days, flaunting their good health and superior bodies. It would be easy, I thought, to join their ranks. Sure, I'd need some will power, but I knew if only I could find a convenient place to swim and work out, the "new me" would be within reach. In just a few short months, I too, could show up at parties in my Adidas jogging suit, swigging Perrier with a casual flair. I would look, as they say, terrific.

The only hitch was money. I don't have very much. My convenient gym would also have to be a very affordable one. Naturally, under these circumstances, my thoughts turned to the YMCA. There were expensive health clubs in Washington, of course, but I didn't need their carpets and mirrors. I just wanted the kind of simple no-frills facilities the Y traditionally has offered. Fortunately, a new Y had opened here in late April. Their prices were a bit high, I'd heard, but I was sure something could be worked out.

So late one afternoon, I strolled over to have a look and find out how I could sign up. Like all prospective customers, I was given a brisk tour of the place by a YMCA tour guide. What I saw was a long way from the traditional Y. The new, red brick building cost $6.5 million, and it looks it. In the lobby there are paintings and plush carpeting—and an eerie quiet. There were no shouts, no echoing of balls against wood; it didn't sound like a gym. Some of the locker rooms I saw had orange carpeting and tan lockers, and there were uniformed black attendants to pick up your dirty towels after you got out of the shower. It was virtually empty—there were maybe ten men inside, almost all of them white—but the place had the comfort of a professional locker room. The Redskins could feel at home here, I thought. Upstairs, there was an open area full of athletic luxuries: massage tables, sauna, sun-room, and other YMCA equipment. To the right of the

Arthur Levine is a contributing editor of The Washington Monthly. *He was assisted in the research for this article by Steven Findlay.*

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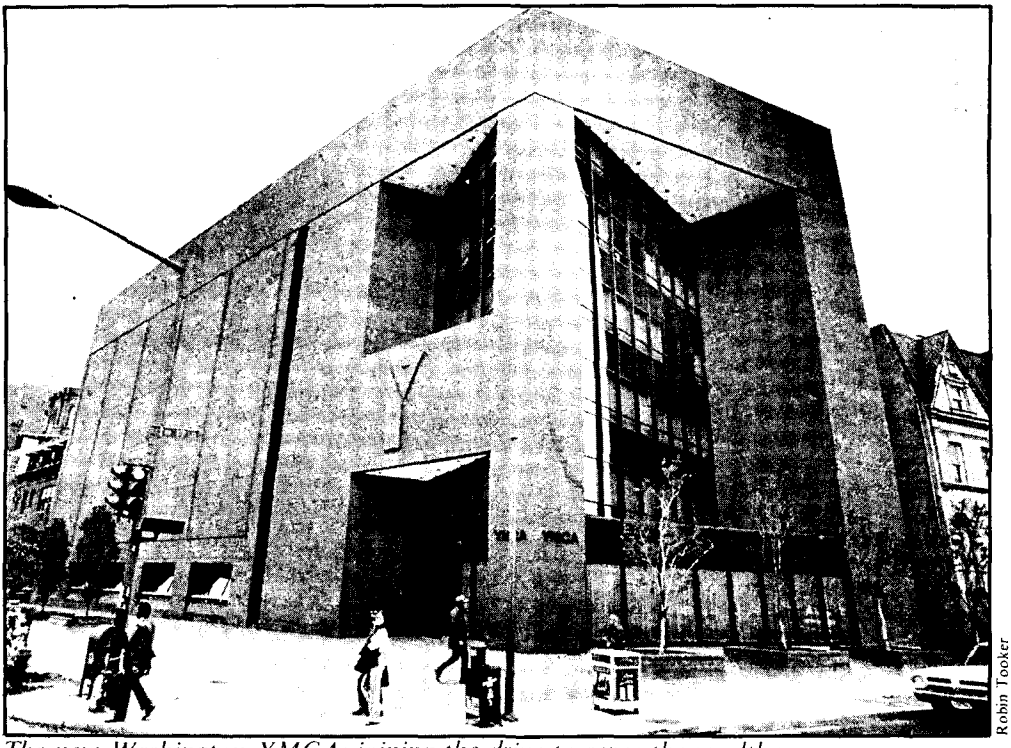

Robin Tooker

The new Washington YMCA: joining the drive to serve the wealthy.

massage tables was the lounge, complete with Sony color TV. And not a soul in sight. I asked about the lack of people and was told the new Y is busy during lunch hours and after work. (Later I would check that. It didn't seem much busier.)

My tour continued. I walked past some spanking new (empty) squash courts and the beautiful (silent) full-sized gym. Slumped against a far wall was one young white man in a sweat suit, legs extended, a basketball between his knees. Suddenly, I felt as if I were in some kind of athletic ghost town, a re-run of *The Twilight Zone* perhaps, but without Rod Serling to explain it away.

"Some people have trouble with the fees," my guide said as we headed for the elevator. "But," she added reassuringly, "with monthly dues, it seems reasonable to me. We've got a mortgage to pay off." (As a full-time staff member, she gets free use of the facilities.) On the fourth floor, I had a look at the Y's cardiovascular fitness testing center. It had an EKG machine and treadmills and resembled nothing so much as a hospital lab.

In the lobby, I picked up a few brochures from a table, but before scanning them, I gazed through the picture window at the cavernous swimming pool below me. All I could see was one elderly gentleman with goggles, swimming his allotted laps, as a young lifeguard stood watch off in the distance. Flags with YMCA insignia hung down from a two-story ceiling. This 25-meter pool seemed to beckon me with its clear, seductive water. Soon, I was overwhelmed with a desire to swim. Yes, I was ready to join the Y.

Then I looked at the prices.

The figure $495.00 leaped off the page. That was the cost of dues for the "Athletic Center Membership," the top-of-the-line category. These members get full use of all recreational facilities, the locker room with the attendants, and the extra goodies, like saunas and steam rooms. The initiation fee was $250. Calculating quickly, I realized that came to $745

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for the first year.

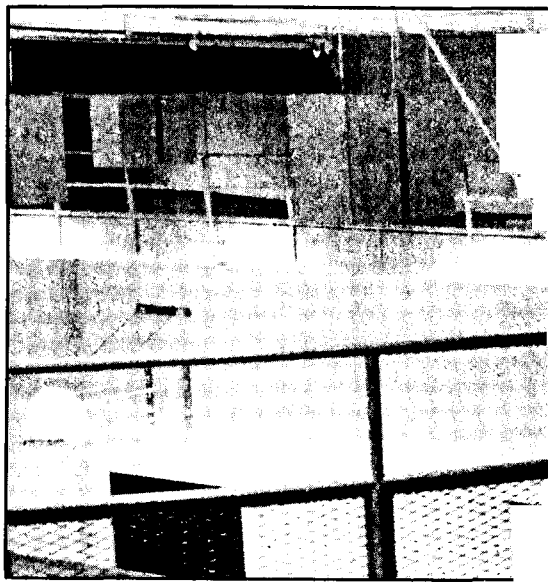
I'd have to sell quite a few articles on the new Y before I could afford to join it. In contrast, the chic Watergate Hotel Health Club looked positively cheap with its $495 annual fee. Well, I told myself reluctantly, there's no reason to be piggish about luxury if all I want to do is work out. I'd just take one of the economy memberships I had heard about. For roughly $150, I would be able to use the gym after 7:00. "I'm sorry," my guide said, "those memberships were filled a long time ago."

My only hope then was the no-frills "fitness category," which would let me use all the athletic facilities, but none of the extras. But that too was more than I could afford at $525 the first year. There were other categories available, but they were of little use to me and many others. One was a $12 membership that allowed you only to take classes; the other was a $225 membership for men and women between 18 and 21, or over 64. Unfortunately for the men in that last category, there was a long waiting list. So for now, I wander about looking for a place to exercise. Still, I ask no pity. (Contributions to the Art Levine YMCA Fund should be sent c/o *The Washington Monthly*.)

Only later did I realize that there was no category at all for the people under 18 the YMCA was ostensibly in business to serve. Children and spouses of adult members could use the facilities when accompanied by their parents and only during certain weekend hours. Like soft-core pornography, this YMCA was rated R.

This was the YMCA? It certainly wasn't the Y I had grown up with.

That Y has always meant something special to Americans. We think of it as a plain brick building somewhere in town, with a gym and a pool, rooms to rent, a cafeteria perhaps, some programs for kids. Some of us also know it for the social services it offers—counseling, adult education, job-training. Most of all, we think of it as a kind of outpost of opportunity, a



place where the American dream can be given a start. There's a particularly classless quality to our image of the Y. Sharing the same gym or pool or weight room are young workers, teenagers, businessmen, pensioners. It has something of the democratic fraternal ambience of those old movies about our troops overseas, with some sergeant reading off the names of the recruits from Anytown, USA: "Kowalski!" "Markowitz!" "Jones!" "Davis!" Everyone was welcome, you see, at the YMCA.

In Washington, the old Central Branch of the YMCA was not that far removed from the traditional image of the Y. It drew its members largely from the government offices and businesses near its site a few blocks from the White House. Built in various stages in 1884, 1906, and 1944, the Central Branch had what was expected of a YMCA: gym, pool, weight rooms, handball and squash courts, jogging track, lockers. Prices ranged from $100 for general membership to $285 for the deluxe Washington Athletic Club, housed in a separate building and offering fancy extras. There were also daily or three-month memberships available. At the old downtown Y there had been youth programs and there was a residence hall.

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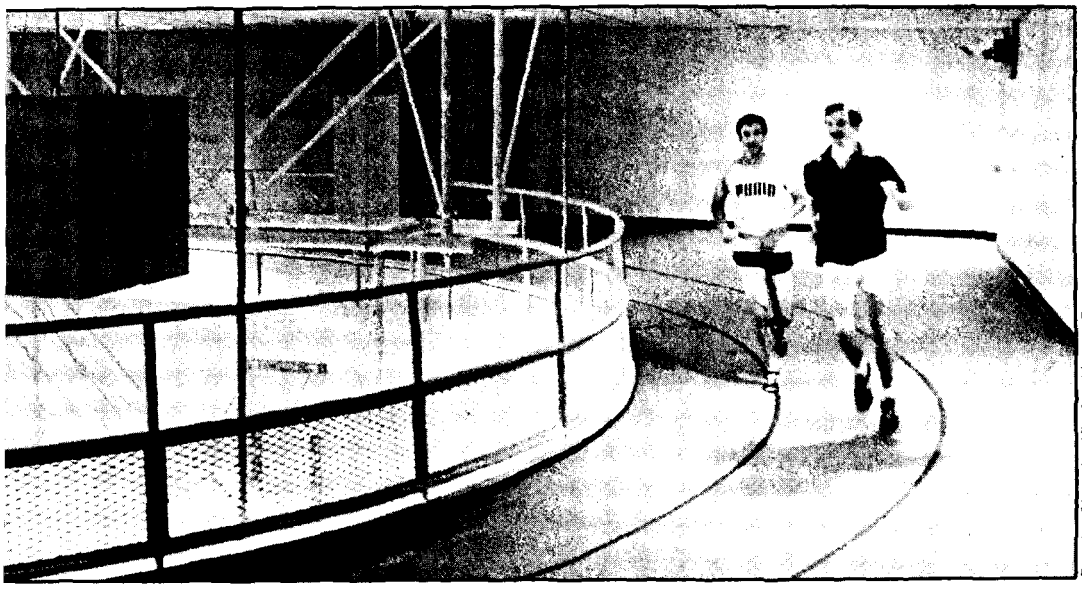

Douglas Chevalier The Washington Post

But the old Y was for many years in dire need of renovation and repair. In the winter, cold winds knifed through the locker-room walls and water mains burst with alarming frequency. The entire place reeked of terminal seediness. And by the 1970s it had money problems as well: deficits, declining membership, rising costs. In 1974, after doing a feasibility study, the decision was made to abandon plans for renovating the old Y and to build a new facility instead, in a different location. The old Y was sold and the building I visited was supposed to be its replacement.

For all its flaws, the old Y had served a mix of races, ages, classes, and, later, sexes that gave the place a special flavor. It was always packed at lunchtime, averaging up to 400 people. Long-term friendships were formed on the volleyball or squash or basketball courts. Many of the members were looking forward to the opening of the new facility, but there was a nostalgic sadness when the old Central Branch closed its doors for the last time.

The nostalgia increased when the old members confronted the new facility. For what they found (and what I found) was not a Y at all, at least not the Y they had known in the past, but something else entirely; a fancy new health club for the rich, disguised in the tax-exempt, non-profit wrappings of the YMCA.

Like many service organizations in America, the Y is changing in ways that are disturbing. In their desire for a spanking new building, with plush comfort, high prices, and no kids, the people who run the Y in Washington were perfectly willing to abandon the ideals of the their organization, while keeping the tax exemptions that had been granted them precisely because of those ideals. Thus, when the old property was sold for $5 million, the Y pocketed the full amount without paying a penny in taxes. When a fund-raising drive was held, it raised $700,000 in large part because contributors could deduct the contributions from their income taxes. After 43 people were evicted and five townhouses razed to make way for the new building, the Y was never asked to pay the $123,000 in property taxes someone else would have had to pay for the site. (An 1894 act of Congress gave the D.C. YMCA its property tax exemption.) In their yearning for this new Y, YMCA administrators were willing to make promises they had no intention of keeping and to use rationales so tenuous it strains all credulity to imagine that even *they*

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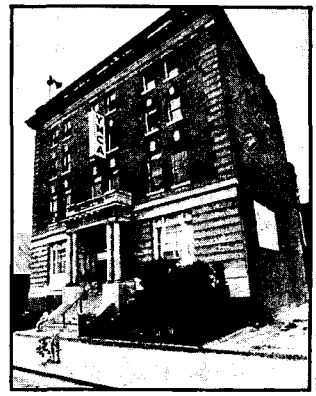

Photos by Robin Tooker

At right: The Anthony Bowen Y. At left: the only pool in the Bowen branch is in the basement—the swimming pool has been closed for 20 years, cracked down the middle.

believed them. In fact, says Thomas Hargrave, Jr., the general executive of the YMCA of Metropolitan Washington, "This is the prototype of the Y of the future." In Nashville, Portland, and Hartford, YMCAs are taking routes similar to that of the Washington Y. For that reason alone, it is worth finding out what is going on at the Washington Y.

Symbolic Gifts

As far as the executives of the Washington YMCA are concerned, critics simply don't understand the difficulty of surviving financially in the city. Y officials have a $3.5 million mortgage to pay off, and that can't be done, they say, if they don't charge enough for use of the facilities. In addition, they argue that the new Y isn't just a health and fitness center (even though most of its income is generated from members' recreational fees). Administrative offices are housed there for all of the metropolitan association's 13 branches and for its residence camp near Annapolis. There's a training center for the association's youth outreach workers, and a section devoted to their international program. This includes a "Hall of Nations" that will soon house over 20 gifts from Ys around the world. The old Central Branch Y merely provided a low-cost residence hall for foreigners and language training. The new Y thoughtfully replaces that with a referral service and, in the near future, symbolic gifts that immigrants can gaze at while trying to find a place to stay.

Y officials insist the new Y has not lost the ideals of the organization founded in the mid-1800s to foster "the improvement of the spiritual and mental conditions of young men." In one promotional slide show for new members (and doubting critics), the goals of the new Y are outlined: "The YMCA of Metropolitan Washington. . . strengthens family structures. . . helps change the conditions that foster alienation, delinquency, and crime. And it strengthens physical and mental health, and develops in youth values for living—a faith to live by.

"At the National Capital Y," the narrator continues, "you won't find camping in the youth department [a reference to other branches' programs], but you will see that we have the same goals as the rest of the association. We just try to reach those goals differently than other Ys. And that's because we have different resources to work with."

Well, you might ask, how does this new YMCA for wealthy adults meet the Y's professed goal of "strengthening family structure" or changing the "conditions that foster alienation, delinquency and crime?" These questions presented Hargrave with something of a PR problem back in 1976 when he and other Y officials

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were trying to get plans for their new building approved. At the time, Hargrave promised the community and political leaders that the new Y would do all the things it is not doing now. These commitments were made repeatedly, under oath at zoning hearings, in conversations, and in writing, and they included promises for one-day and short-term memberships, subsidized youth programs, and the whole range of youth and family programs. The Y has none of these things now.

The most important promises were made to a city councilman, John Wilson, who reversed his earlier opposition to the new Y on the basis of what he heard from Hargrave. In one letter to Wilson, Hargrave said: "This is to assure you that a major priority of the proposed Metro Center [Y] will be services to families and youth," and Wilson so testified, referring to the letter, at a city zoning board hearing in February, 1976.

The Y's promises seem pretty hollow today. Ask Nathaniel Parker. Parker is a black, 16-year-old high school student from the neighborhood who, along with a friend, visited the Y this past summer soon after it had opened. "They said I couldn't join and I had to be 18 or over," he recalls. Parker and his friend stopped by on a weekday afternoon to look at the facilities. "Before the Y came in, the kids were getting all excited about the new basketball courts they were going to have there. We couldn't wait to see them. But when they told us we had to be 18, I just told my friends about it so they wouldn't waste their time going over there." Parker asked about special rates, and learned there weren't any. "I wanted to know if we could go down and look at the pool and the basketball courts, and they wouldn't let us. We left after 15 minutes. I don't see why they call it a YMCA."

Parker and other residents of the Dupont Circle area where the Y is located—the most densely populated in the city—say there are practically no recreational facilities to be found there. A broken-down basketball court or two, but that's about it. "There's no room for us," says Parker. For him, and the rest of the kids in the neighborhood, even if they were old enough to join, the prices would be prohibitive. Yet Y officials refuse to admit that a training facility for suburban workers (which the new Y does have) doesn't do a thing for the city kids living a block away who really need recreational programs.

Even members of the new Y are troubled by its policies. Alaire Rieffel, a civic activist who joined the Y, says now: "I've been very appalled at the lack of response to young people." The new Y, she said, reminded her of her family's stay in Jakarta a few years ago. Her husband was with the State Department then, and she would spend the hot mornings swimming in the pool of the Hotel Indonesia, the place where all the rich white Westerners stayed. She could look over as she did her laps and see the hungry children peering at her through a flimsy chain-link fence. Back again in America, she swam during the summer at the Y's new pool, and as she did her backstrokes, she would look up and see the row of little black kids on the sidewalk, staring through the windows at the pool below. "Oh no," she thought to herself, "here we go again."

Rieffel hasn't been impressed with the new Y's attitudes toward her own kids, either. (Family pool use is limited to three hours on Saturdays and Sundays.) "It has such an exclusive air, like it's geared only to male heart attack prevention," she says. "When I brought my son there, all these older men with paunches were grumbling about little kids getting in the way."

Washington Y executives offer several arguments to justify their policy of keeping kids out of the Y. They insist that their own feasibility studies showed that there weren't that many local residents who could be served by a downtown Y, so it had to be geared to the downtown businessmen. "This is a specialized facility," Hargrave says. "It was not built as a

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children's Y." Within a six-block radius, he says, there are less than 2,000 children. If they cared to broaden their service area, they would find thousands more.

What it really boils down to, though, is money. "Do you know how much it costs to have a youth department?" Hargrave asks, noting the cost of supervision, separate lockers, and other changes that he claims would be necessitated by having kids in the building. "Our data shows we couldn't support it."

Somehow, though, most of the nation's other 1,800 YMCA branches have managed to survive while offering the programs and prices that Hargrave finds so burdensome. In nearby suburban Maryland, the Y's Bethesda branch has been able to mix services to adults, youth and community members in a way that downtown Y officials view as financially impossible and unnecessary. Indeed, using their own figures about D.C.'s supposedly vanishing youth, the new Y should be glad to open its doors to the handful of young people who might want to use it. It should be no strain on their athletic facilities, which are empty so much of the time.

But the real reason for the no-kids policy is undoubtedly a desire to placate and attract their high-priced clientele. "They're trying to sell it as a country club," says one suburban YMCA worker about the downtown Y. "As long as we keep the kids out of the white businessmen's faces, everyone will be happy."

One reason for the restrictive policies might be a well-grounded fear that a convenient downtown Y *would* be clogged with young people. For those outside of walking distance, there is, after all, a new subway system that stops about two blocks from the Y. For most white businessmen, of course, the sight of more than two black teenagers gathered in the same place is enough to make them head for the nearest exit. And that would be disastrous—think of all the high-priced memberships that would be lost. At the old Central Branch Y, in fact, downtown workers had begun to complain about the influx of black teenagers who used the basketball courts after school let out. "I was afraid to leave my stuff in the lockers," recalls one member. "I guess the new Y doesn't want any unpleasant people around."

These unpleasant people—lower income types, boisterous teenagers, and so on—have perhaps found somewhere else to go. But when the YMCA was seeking funds and political support for the new facility, they stressed how the place would be open to all, milking the tradition of the Y for all it was worth. (One fund-raising film, for example, highlighted the Y's commitment to youth, older people and immigrants, including poignant shots of children being counseled or at play.)

The new Y isn't totally devoid of kids' programs, it should be said. On Saturday mornings, a group of handicapped and blind youths are allowed to use the Y's gym under the supervision of city volunteers. And this past summer, children at a Y-run day camp in the southeast section of the city were bused in to swim a few mornings a week. But in general, the record of the new Y's commitment to youth and family programs—and affordable prices—has been a string of broken promises. One of the sharpest critics of the Y, George Washington law professor John Banzhaf III says, "It isn't serving a charitable function anymore. It economically discriminates against almost everyone. Predominately black and poor city residents [Washington is 75 per cent black] are paying for athletic facilities for the rich white suburbanites who don't pay taxes in the city." Some of Banzhaf's students plan to challenge the Y's tax-exempt status in a soon-to-be-filed law suit.

Banzhaf and others see the Y offering competition primarily to private health spas in the downtown area, which don't get the Y's tax breaks and don't have the Y's immunity from

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a tough city law that allows purchasers of health spa services to back out after 15 days if dissatisfied. The irony, of course, is that the affluent businessmen and government workers who use the new Y already have spas and government gyms they can afford. It's those who depend on places like the Y for recreational facilities who are left stranded.

The final rationale offered by Y officials for the high prices is the hope of attracting affluent volunteers to their charitable works. "You may come in for a nice facility," Hargrave said, "We're saying you're joining a fellowship of Christian men." Implicit is the hope that these new members will see the light and donate some of their time—and money—to the Y's programs. The new clientele also spruces up the Y's image, aids their fundraising drives, provides important contacts. "We have entree now to the top echelon of people," Hargrave boasts. "This never would have happened at the old Central Branch Y."

There's a big problem here, of course: the new Y has fallen victim to the trickle-down theory of social services. It is, in miniature, a particularly ludicrous example of an attitude that's so widespread today. As Banzhaf puts it, "Serve the rich, and the rich will in turn help the poor." This approach is reflected in the current trend in tax policy—corporate tax cuts and capital gains relief for the rich are provided under the illusion that they will mean jobs and increased earnings for everyone else. The conservatives and business interests who shaped the new package undoubtedly believe their rationales as passionately as Hargrave believes his.

Even so, the National Capital YMCA has pioneered a new twist on this venerable theory that others hadn't even imagined. Using the Y's luxury facility as a model, the Salvation Army should begin dropping off turkeys at Christmas to hungry diplomats on Embassy Row. In addition, their soup kitchens could be upgraded to serve gourmet cheeses and gazpacho, while also raising prices to gourmet levels.

In fact, something quite like this saintly approach has been promised by Hargrave. In May he told *The Washington Post* that the new Y's fees would be used in part to help the only other Y branch in the District, the dilapidated Anthony Bowen branch located in a northwest ghetto in the city. (There's also an "extension center" in the the southeast part of the city that runs some programs at schools and playgrounds.) The impression that help was on the way was reinforced by a picture of the old facility and the heartening caption: "The Anthony Bowen branch will be upgraded with profits from the downtown Y." Who could argue with such a beneficial application of trickle-down economics?

However, when I asked Hargrave whether money would be going to Anthony Bowen as promised, his reply was a little different. "No," he said.

It now appears that any move to renovate it or replace it will have to have its own fundraising drive, expected to be launched sometime in 1980. If that drive isn't successful, as was the case with a similar 1973 fundraising campaign, the Bowen branch will have to scrape by as it does now.

Upscale Movement

The high prices have changed the very tone of the new YMCA. One sign of the times is the kind of special programs offered there. Instead of, say, English classes for foreigners, a staple of the traditional Y, the new Y offered in October a free "financial planning seminar." The promotional flyer said it all: "All of us want to make our earnings go further. And it is not just millionaires who can benefit from planning. An up-to-date knowledge of tax laws, proper methods of ownership, insurance and trusts is essential to help save money and insure that we keep what we save. Some of the topics to be covered include OUR CHANG-

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ING TAX LAWS... BUILDING YOUR ESTATE... PRESERVING ASSETS... CHARITABLE BENEFITS—giving that saves, gifts that produce income, how to give property and still use it." (These last topics, no doubt, were meant as a subtle encouragement to the members.) There is also the new cardiovascular equipment, designed to prevent heart attacks. This is a valuable goal, considering the large proportion of men over 40 who use the new Y. Too many coronaries could put a crimp in their fundraising plans.

The upscale movement was not something that just happened to the Y; it was the result of calculated decision and study. One consultant study prepared for the Y prior to construction said that they should expect to lose half of the old Central Branch members. The consultants also would have recommended full family memberships, but that was reversed after their study showed that only 30 per cent of area residents had incomes over $15,000. As an apparent result of the study, Y officials decided to target in exclusively on downtown workers earning high salaries. Later, the 85-member board of directors, after studying rising construction and operating costs, set the new rates.

The board's decision tells us a lot about how institutions lose sight of their goals. The board is elected at an annual meeting drawn from the most active volunteers at the local branches—predominantly affluent businessmen and professionals. At the Central Branch, the decision-makers came from the Washington Athletic Club, the top-of-the-heap $285-a-year luxury category. One can't help but feel that they planned the new facility for themselves, and by adding some noble-sounding but vague "youth training centers" and "international programs," avoided any feeling of selfishness. "This facility reflects what the leadership at that time wished it to be," said executive director Marvin Reincke.

In Washington, the nation's richest metropolitan area, the appeal of the upscale market may be irresistable to almost any organization that trades goods or services for money. There are enough government workers, consultants, and lawyers making over $40,000 to guarantee that many enterprises that used to cater to the lower and middle classes don't have to do that anymore. "Non-profit" service institutions like the Y may have slightly more subtle motives to join in the drive to serve the wealthy. After all, Hargrave didn't become the leader of the "prototype Y of the future " or get access to the "top echelon of people" by refurbishing some drafty old gym. And the well-to-do, it often turns out, are so much more pleasant to deal with. They pay their bills, their problems can be solved, they make good lunch companions.

But the Y is, in its own view, "an ecumenical, multi-service agency," that gets public subsidies, tax exemptions, and non-profit status allowing it to accept contributions from other charitable foundations. As a charitable organization, it has certain public obligations that should be fulfilled if we are to continue paying its bills. Under the law, businesses unrelated to the central purpose of the non-profit organization should be taxed. Is running a health spa for the rich unrelated to the stated purpose of the Y? There are a lot of angry people who think so.

In the meantime, the Anthony Bowen branch stands as the starkest reminder of the illusory benefits of the National Capital YMCA. It stands as a rebuke as well to the glib advocates of the trickle-down theories. Most of its funds come from the United Way and contributions—not membership fees. It has only 250 paid members, but serves many area residents free.

You go up the 14th Street ghetto corridor to get to the Anthony Bowen Y, past rotted-out housing and the junkies looking to score. Once inside, you hear what you don't hear at the new Y: the sound of children's voices. In contrast to Hargrave's suite, with its

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paintings and blue cushioned sofas, the staff here has to make do with a few battered metal desks and a plug-in electric heater. A door punctured with holes opens into a tiny battered gym, where school children are playing ball. The walls are scribbled with graffiti, and masking tape covers some broken window panes, but not all of them. The swimming pool has been closed for 20 years, cracked down the middle. Downstairs, in the locker room, there are no carpets and no attendants.

This old Y, decrepit though it is, is the only branch now left in the city that is doing what a YMCA is supposed to do. More than any other reason, that is why all that money lavished on the National Capital YMCA is such an outrage. Eventually, perhaps, the Anthony Bowen branch may benefit from the contributions raised from middle-aged businessmen steaming off pounds in their private saunas. But for now, Hargrave, who is black himself, should be thinking about ways to help the old Y. He could start by selling off one of his office's wood-and-leather lounge chairs to replace a few broken windows in the Anthony Bowen gym.

Hargrave and the other black staffers at all area Ys should be the first to protest against this *de facto* discrimination, but they are not. Instead, they serve as the best advance troops for the whites who dominate the organization.

Hargrave and the Y's directors continue to defend their high prices and lavish facilities with arguments that become increasingly absurd. Hargrave says (with a straight face), "People accuse us of charging country-club prices. That's just not true. A member showed me a list of country-club dues and initiation fees the other day, and I was completely bowled over. They're outrageous." To prove his point, he later sent me a list of Washington country-club prices underlined in red, with a note attached that said, "Let it never be said the YMCA charges country club rates." (One club had a $5,000 initiation fee and a yearly fee of $1,000.)

But what is the YMCA doing comparing itself to country clubs?

They have other arguments too. One is that the most expensive category costs only $1.30 a day, not counting the initiation fee. Another is that the Y's the best bargain in town when measured in square feet.

Talking to Hargrave, one yearns for a return to the original concept of the Y, an organization that was founded in London in 1844 to "improve the spiritual condition of young men in the drapery business." But London, apparently, has gone the way of Washington. In one of our conversations, Hargrave proudly handed me a brochure describing a new facility the London Y was building.

Under the bold faced heading: **There Has Never Been Anything Like It**, the brochure announces, "A modern hotel—built by the London Central YMCA for men and women of all ages—in the very heart of London that includes squash courts, a gymnasium, a 25-meter swimming pool, shops and underground parking. Come to the Y Hotel and relax in comfort. The lounges, with color television, bar, two types of restaurant services and all the facilities await you."

No doubt the YMCA leadership there has found ways to justify their new hotel. They always do. ■

Answers to last month's puzzle:

1 C	A	2 M	P	3 D	A	4 V	I	5 D	■	6 S	I	7 N	A	8 I
O	■	A	■	A	■	I	■	E	■	I	■	E	■	N
9 N	A	D	E	R	■	10 C	H	A	I	N	G	A	N	G
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11 E	A	S	Y	S	L	O	P	E	■	12 E	V	E	R	T
M	■	O	■	■	■	R	■	S	■	R	■	S	■	■
13 N	I	N	T	14 H	L	Y	■	15 T	W	I	S	T	O	16 F
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25 T	O	U	C	H	D	O	W	N	■	26 P	A	S	S	E
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The Future is in FLORIDA

by Joseph Burkholder Smith

In the opening episodes of "Rhoda" for the new television season we learned that Pop Morgenstern has gone to Ft. Lauderdale. He has left his wife Ida because he is over 60, and he wants to make sure he doesn't miss out on anything in the time he has left. When Rhoda and her sister Brenda travel to Florida to persuade him to return, they do not find him engaged in any of the exotic activities he supposedly yearned for; rather, he is leading a group of fellow seniors in a game of musical chairs.

Whether or not the scriptwriters had meant to do it, their story line sums up what most younger people think about aging: older people have unrealistic ideas about what they want, and often they are pitiable relics engaged in silly pastimes. Like most generalizations, these don't hold up very well on inspection. But they do reflect the stereotype associated with growing old in America.

There is a good reason for us to begin the process of getting beyond the stereotype: we live in a society that is aging quickly; the "baby boom" is becoming the "senior boom." Today, three fourths of our population lives to be 65, and a person who lives that long has a better-than-even chance of living to be 81. In 1960 40 per cent of Americans were under 20, while only 6.8 per cent were over 65. It is estimated that within the next 50 years, the number of people under 20 and over 65 will be roughly equal, each accounting for between one fourth and one third of the population. This will be a new kind of world for us, but it need not be one for which we are totally unprepared. By looking south, to Pop Morgenstern's Florida, it is possible to preview what an American society that is not predominantly young might be like.

Joseph Burkholder Smith is a Florida writer.

Vocal, Vigorous and Potent

Everybody knows Florida is America's retirement capital. What is less well-known is that Florida's population is already approaching the proportion of elderly citizens that will constitute the national average in 25 years. Nearly one fourth of the state's total population (two million out of eight million) is over 60. The greatest concentration of elderly is on the Gulf Coast, from the Tampa-St. Petersburg area southward. In five Gulf counties,

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Illustration by David Kidd

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40 to 50 per cent of the people are over 60. In the Tampa-St. Petersburg region alone, there are 944 people that age per square mile.

Among the many myths about the elderly is one about how sick most of them are, how frail—how they are either forgotten residents of institutions or cowering from criminal assault in dingy tenement apartments.

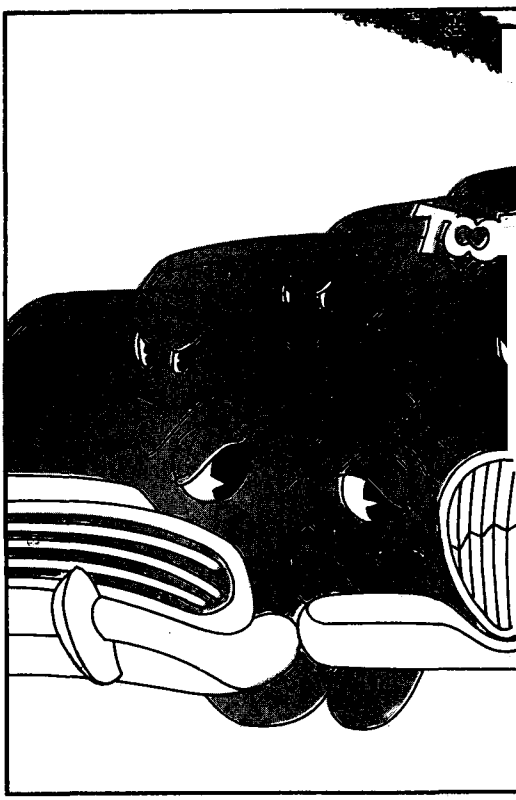
The fact is that while fear of crime is pervasive among many older people, national crime statistics show that the older population is victimized less than the population as a whole. There is evidence in the Miami area, in fact, that old people are relatively frequent perpetrators of petty crimes. Shoplifting by older customers is a considerable problem in malls and supermarkets. Admittedly, many of the elderly are driven to steal because they are poor and inflation has wiped out their economic resources. However, that is not the only reason—quite a few well-off old people are regular shoplifters—and explanations for the phenomenon so far elude the mental health specialists studying it.

The Florida example shows that elderly behavior has been surprising in another, more visible way: rather than being timid, unseen shadows on the fringes of society, they are fast becoming a vocal, vigorous, and potent special interest group.

Nearly half of the almost two million elderly in Florida are members of the American Association of Retired Persons or its parent organization, the National Retired Teachers Association. In 1970 the AARP and NRTA established lobbying groups in Florida and four other states, called Joint State Legislative Committees. Composed of volunteers chosen by local AARP leaders, these groups work as diligently as the professionals employed by oil companies, airplane manufacturers, or pharmaceutical laboratories.

It was against the latter, in fact, that the Florida elderly lobby won its first big victory, a victory that showed the kind of clout it has when it chooses to flex its political muscle. As a result of the lobby's efforts, Florida became one of the first states to require pharmacists to offer less expensive generic drugs as substitutes for brand name products.

The old folks also clobbered Florida's optometrists. The optometrists, following the example set by physicians, dentists, and lawyers, had lobbied the legislature into prohibiting advertising on the grounds that advertising "degrades" professional services. Of course advertising also



encourages price competition, which can lower consumer costs. The elderly legislative committee got this law repealed.

Other recent triumphs of the group include passage of a bill outlawing 99-year condominium recreation leases—a device used by condominium developers to fleece buyers by providing for automatic increases in fees for the use of recreational facilities. Under these leases, condominium owners often ended up

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paying more for the use of such facilities than they did for the condos themselves.

In these cases and a host of others, AARP's legislative goals benefit everyone, young and old. The lobby has backed the establishment of a consumer advocacy agency; insurance reform, including a life insurance disclosure law to allow price and benefit comparison between policies; national no-fault auto insurance; and revisions in the criminal code,

including legislation providing indemnification for victims of crimes. This last became law in Florida, thanks, in part, to the elderly's lobby efforts.

Not all the special interests of old people, however, coincide so well with everybody else's, and in Florida, that has led to some troubling problems. There is an "us against them" mentality, cutting across economic lines, that pervades much of Florida's elderly community. Rare is the issue on which the political machine of the elderly makes distinctions between poor and well-to-do older people; more often it's the old on one side and everyone else on the other. These are the kind of distinctions that can cause tensions and frustrations in a society, and in South Florida in particular, where the political activities of the elderly have been numerous, a generational clash seems always to be simmering.

Older people, for example, often don't get around as well as the rest of us, and in places where there are a lot of elderly, everyone has to live with the consequences of this problem. The result has been the Great Traffic Light Wars. In town after town, elderly Floridians are demanding special traffic lights located for their walking convenience. When senior residents of the huge Lauderdale Oaks condominium in Broward County wanted a traffic light, they formed a coalition with condo leaders from all over the county. Before long, county officials gave them their light. "They all spoke on behalf of Lauderdale Oaks," said a Broward official, "and the muscle worked." In the county there are 125,000 condominium units with an average occupancy of 2.4 adults. When they speak with one voice, politicians listen.

At the northern end of the state, in Jacksonville Beach, residents of a low-cost high rise for older people are lobbying the Civic Roundtable, an organization of 80 community groups, to press city hall for a traffic light to help them cross the street in front of their building. The light would be just one block from a major intersection.

In both cases, the elderly showed little concern for the other people who use the street. In Broward County, where the fight for the light was won, traffic jams now occur regularly where once they didn't. If a light were placed where the Jacksonville Beach elderly want it, people returning from Sunday outings on the beach would spend hours trying to move past the new light to the present one just down the street.

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9th annual book award

Each year **The Washington Monthly** recognizes the best book on politics and government published during the previous year.

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The transportation needs of older people should not be taken lightly; many older people can't afford to own cars, and of those who can, many should not be driving. Even here, however, Florida's elderly lobby has pushed for special breaks for all older people regardless of income level. In Dade, Broward, and Palm Beach counties, senior groups convinced the county commission to give them reduced bus fares, something that was probably an economic necessity for some seniors, but certainly not for all. In Miami, the Concerned Citizens of Dade County took transportation matters a step further, twice storming the county courthouse in angry protest to demand that the county provide everyone over 65 with virtually free taxi service. The plan, were it to be enacted, might have cost taxpayers about $6 million annually, but that did not deter the Concerned Citizens. This brought an angry reaction from the *Miami Herald*, which said in an editorial:

"... Our objection to the proposed program is not based primarily on economic feasibility. We oppose it because it would not be fair. It would discriminate against all persons under 65. They could not use the service, regardless of need, yet would have to subsidize it for the elderly, all of whom would be eligible, also regardless of need."

Higher on the scale of social tensions than these irritants is the reverse age discrimination practiced by the elderly in many cities. Young couples in the Ft. Lauderdale area trying to establish their first homes will find they will be turned away by most apartment complexes and condominiums. The residents' committees in apartment complexes and the condominium owners' associations don't want people of child-bearing age living in their midsts. "I told them we didn't plan to have any children," one young wife said, "and they looked at me with greater suspicion than ever." In an area where the cost of single homes is over $50,000, being shouldered out of less-

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expensive condominiums and apartments is a serious blow to the under-30 generation.

Not only don't the elderly want children living near them, in many places in Florida they are opposed to paying taxes for the support of schools, day care centers, and playgrounds. On the other hand, younger residents of Florida are becoming aware of—and angered by—the high cost of the programs that are paid for with their tax dollars but that support the interests solely of the elderly.

Indeed, while many of the elderly have established a stubborn position that they deserve all society can provide in the way of special services, including low-cost public transportation and extra tax relief, many younger people are beginning to complain that they can't afford the social security tax and other tax increases required to keep the system working. A serious conflict, pitting old against young, could well become a major characteristic of a gray America—a division potentially more painful than the generational clash of the 1960s.

Increasingly Demanding

What is important to keep in mind, as gerontologists and thoughtful older citizens point out, is that even without the formation of elderly special interest groups, older people will become increasingly demanding as the years go by. It is the time of life in which we become more dependent on others; that's only natural, because parts of the human machine are wearing out. Many people cannot function physically as well as they once did, and activities that were once second nature—driving a car or crossing a street—are now often difficult to perform. At some point, their needs become survival needs—physically, the old are often like children in the sense that, to greater or lesser degrees, they cannot survive without help. There is one enormous difference, however. The elderly can remember when this was not the case.

This increasing dependency, the increasing need to be selfish, is resented deeply by the old—it rankles them. The cantankerous old man on the park bench, railing about Jimmy Carter giving away the Panama Canal or the pampering of criminals, may not be as concerned about national defense or law and order as he is about the much more immediate fact that he can't pitch horseshoes with the fellows whose game he is watching. For many older people, life can be full of frustration and rage.

Other older people rationalize their resentment, and the form of rationalization with the greatest social significance is the entitlement syndrome. Looking out at the affluent society, they say, "Our efforts created this, but they put us on the shelf before we could enjoy the $40,000 salaries the 29-year-old White House aides make. We're entitled to all the benefits the government can provide."

The daily life of Florida's elderly is full of examples of the entitlement syndrome at work. One of the more glaring cases is the hot meals program, a federally funded effort to ensure that poor elderly people get at least one nutritional meal every day. The meals (which run about $1.34 for an average hot lunch) are not intended to be free. Although the poor are not charged, those who can afford to pay are expected to. Yet because the language of the law is vague, many well-to-do older people show up and demand free meals as a right, offering only proof of age as their claim to entitlement. "It is terrible to have someone drive up in a Cadillac and demand a meal," one administrator complains, "and then have the gall to try to skip putting any contribution into the envelopes we use to avoid embarrassing those who can't afford anything."

And we shouldn't expect the "entitlement syndrome" among the elderly to fade. People who turn 65 next year and thereafter will have had a social conditioning that today's old people largely missed. Those who will turn 65 in 1979 graduated from high

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school during the darkest hours of the Great Depression. They have lived their lives in the American version of the welfare state, as has everyone else who has come after them. The WPA helped their fathers put bread on the table. Uncle Sam paid them to complete their college educations or learn a trade after World War II, paid them bonuses on their GI insurance, and assured them cheap interest rates to buy their first homes and start their first businesses. They have become accustomed to—and in many cases participated in—movements by minorities to claim rights and privileges in America. They saw that groups of people who stuck together for a common goal, who were willing to flex political muscle, could change things. There was the civil rights movement, the women's movement, the end-the-war movement, all effective to varying degrees. Can the senior movement be far behind? In Florida, the senior movement has already arrived.

A few months ago, *The Washington Monthly* ran a series of articles on what we labeled "the politics of selfishness" of the 1970s. We pointed out that Americans have turned away from the concept of patriotism—away from the idea that there are times when the interests of the nation must come before the desires of individuals or interest groups. Instead, the interest groups have taken over, pushing for tax breaks and other favors from government no matter how detrimental to everyone else.

Florida shows that old people, banded together as a special interest group, could be the most powerful—and the most selfish—of the political interest groups. They have the potential of making the National Rifle Association look like pikers. In Florida, they have the numbers, and the votes, to drive politicians from office who refuse to bend to their wishes, and it won't be long before they have that same kind of power all over the country. This is an ominous prospect. The best way to prevent it from being realized is to understand who the elderly lobbies of the future are. They're all of us—in 10, 20, or 40 years from now. If we turn away from the politics of selfishness today, we will find it a lot easier to live together as we grow gray. ■

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Who's Who in the Carter Administration

U.S. News and World Report recently rated the Carter cabinet on a scale of ten: **Brown** 8.5, **Vance** 8.0, **Califano** 7.5, **Harris** 6.5, **Bell** 6.0, **Bergland** 6.0, **Andrus** 5.5, **Marshall** 5.0, **Blumenthal** 4.5, **Kreps** 4.5, **Schlesinger** 4.0, and **Adams** 3.5. This is accurate at least in terms of determining the White House's view of the cabinet—except that the White House would reverse the ranking of Harris and Marshall and, in terms of loyalty to the team, would rank Califano and Blumenthal at the bottom. . . . The old Washington game continues. **William Bagley** has resigned as chairman of the Commodity Futures Trading Commission to open a Washington law office that will handle—you guessed it—commodity matters. He's taking with him one of his top assistants at the Commission, **Terry Classen**. . . . **Paul Warnke** isn't completely out—he has been named a special consultant to **Cyrus Vance** on disarmament matters. . . . **Peter Brickfield**, who's been handling the great cereal case (see "Tilting at Windmills") is leaving the Federal Trade Commission's Bureau of Competition, and the usual game of musical chairs is underway. He will be succeeded by **Jonathan Grimes**, who heads the health care section. Grimes will be replaced by **Walter Winslow**, who is assistant director for non-petroleum energy matters. Winslow will be replaced by **E. Perry Johnson**, who is assistant director in charge of regional offices, and so on. . . . Why did **Sidney Harman** resign as undersecretary of Commerce? One report says his boss, **Juanita Kreps**, was not satisfied with the job he was doing and asked him to leave. Another says Harman quit because he was bored. A third version is based on Harman's friendship with **Jane Frank**, whose husband, **Richard**, was one of Harman's subordinates at Commerce. Frank, you will remember, is the one who resigned from the White House last summer saying that she wanted to spend more time with her children. . . . **Harold Brown**'s H.R. Haldeman is **John G. Kester**, who is said to limit access to all but the following Department of Defense staffers: **Wiliam J. Perry**, undersecretary for research and engineering; **Deanne C. Siemer**, the defense department's general counsel; **Thomas Ross**, a former newspaperman and now the Pentagon's spokesman; and **Daniel J. Murphy**, a retired admiral and former CIA official who is now deputy undersecretary for policy.

In

WHITE HOUSE

Counselor on Inflation—**Alfred E. Kahn** has moved over from his post as chairman of the Civil Aeronautics Board. Known in Washington for his keen intellect and candor, Kahn established a reputation as an innovator while head of the CAB and as chairman of the New York State Public Service commission before that.

Domestic Policy Staff—**Howard H. Gruenspecht** has been an economist on the staff of the Council of Economic advisors.

AGRICULTURE

Deputy Administrator of Economics—**J. B. Penn** has been senior staff economist for agricultural and food policy for the Council of Economic Advisors.

Administrator, Rural Electrification Administration—**Robert W. Feragen**, former general manager of the Massachusetts Municipal Wholesale Electric Co., has been deputy administrator of the REA.

COMMERCE

Deputy Assistant Secretary for International and Economic Policy in the Industry and Trade Administration—**Abraham Katz** has been deputy chief of the U.S. mission to the Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development in Paris since 1974.

Director, Policy Development Staff,

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Economic Development Administration—**Leo Penne** has been a lobbyist for the National League of Cities.

ENERGY

Deputy Administrator, Economic Regulatory Administration—**Richard Herzog** has been the director of the Office of Enforcement.

HEW

Assistant Secretary for Planning—**Benjamin Heineman Jr.**, Secretary Joseph Califano's closest aide, is a young lawyer who followed Califano from his Washington law firm to HEW.

HUD

Deputy Director, Federal Disaster Assistance Administration—**Thomas Casey**, a former regional director of the administration, has been acting deputy.

General Deputy Assistant Secretary for Neighborhoods, Voluntary Associations, and Consumer Protection—**Richard C. D. Fleming** has been deputy assistant secretary for community planning and development. Fleming was a member of the policy planning staff during Carter's campaign.

INTERIOR

Assistant Secretary for Policy, Budget, and Administration—**Larry E. Meierotto** has been the deputy assistant secretary in the division. The job has been vacant since the beginning of the Carter administration.

JUSTICE

Director, Office of Information Law and Policy—**Robert Saloschin** had been head of Justice's Freedom of Information Committee.

STATE

Ambassador to Iceland—**Richard A. Ericson** has been most recently deputy director of the Bureau of Politico-Military affairs at State.

Ambassador to Morocco—**Richard B. Parker**, a career foreign service officer, has been Ambassador to Lebanon and before that to Algeria.

Ambassador to Oman—**Marshall Wiley** will replace William D. Wolle, who has resigned. Deputy chief of mission in Jidda since 1977, he has also served in Beirut, Amman, Egypt, and Baghdad.

Chief SALT Negotiator—**Ralph Earle II**, who has been deputy SALT negotiator since May 1977, replaced his boss, Paul Warnke.

Deputy Assistant Secretary for South American Affairs—**Ralph Guzman** has been a professor at the University of Santa Cruz. He brings to the job a unique background, having been a former migrant farm worker and an associate director for the Peace Corps in Venezuela and Peru in the 1960s.

TRANSPORTATION

Director, Materials Transportation Bureau—**Leon D. Santman**, presently acting director, has also served as assistant general counsel for materials transportation law.

AGENCIES & COMMISSIONS

Arms Control and Disarmament Agency
Director—**Ret. Army Lt. Gen. George Seignious** will succeed Paul Warnke, who ran this agency in addition to his position as Carter's chief SALT negotiator.

General Advisory Committee Member—**Jane Cahill Pfeiffer**, a former vice president of IBM, is chairman of the board of NBC.

Civil Aeronautics Board
Chairman—**Marvin S. Cohen**, a member of the board for only two weeks prior to being nominated to this post, will succeed Alfred Kahn. Cohen, like Kahn before him, is committed to deregulation. Before coming to Washington he had extensive experience in utility regulation at his law firm in Tucson.

Director, Consumer Protection Division—**Charles Reischel** has been assistant general counsel of the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission.

Consumer Product Safety Commission
Member—**Samuel D. Zagoria**, whose nomination to the Republican seat on the Federal Election Commission raised the ire of Republican leaders, has been director of the Labor-Management

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Relations Service of the U.S. Conference of Mayors.

Equal Employment Opportunity Commission
General Counsel—**Alfred W. Blumrosen**, a Rutgers University law professor, is being considered for the now vacant post.

Federal Election Commission
Member—**Max L. Friedersdorf**, a former aide to Republicans Richard Nixon and Gerald Ford, has most recently been staff director of the Senate Republican Policy Committee.

Member—**John McGarry** has been sworn in to fill the seat now occupied by Neil Staebler. A close friend of House speaker Thomas "Tip" O'Neill, McGarry has failed to win the approval of the Senate twice before. Staebler and Common Cause are contesting the nomination of McGarry on the grounds that the President's authority in such matters when the Senate is not in session extends only to filling vacancies, and there is no vacancy at the moment.

Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation
Chairman—**Irvine H. Sprague**, an aide to House Speaker Thomas "Tip" O'Neill, has been nominated to the $52,000 post vacated by George LeMaistre in August. Sprague is the third friend of O'Neill's (Robert Griffin and John McGarry are the other two) to be named to a major government post as part of an administration effort to patch up strained relations with the House Speaker.

International Trade Commission
Director, Office of Congressional Liaison—**George L. Hooper** has been president of U.S. Consultants Inc., a Washington consulting firm.

Out

White House
Deputy Press Secretary to Rosalynn Carter—**Ann Anderson** is now director of news and public affairs at the Appalachian Commission.

Commerce
Undersecretary—**Sidney L. Harman**, a founder of Harman Kardon, is resigning to become a senior official at the Aspen Institute for Humanistic Studies. (see above.)

HEW
U.S. Commissioner of Education—**Ernest L. Boyer**, former chancellor of the New York state university system, will step down next year to assume the presidency of the Carnegie Foundation.

Deputy Assistant Secretary for Education—**Joel S. Berke** is leaving to return to his studies at the Education Policy Research Institute.

Assistant Secretary for Planning—**Henry Aaron** is planning to return to the Brookings Institution. As economist and resident academic in Secretary Joseph Califano's office, Aaron was the architect of the Carter administration's ill-fated welfare reform plan.

Deputy Assistant Secretary for Planning and Evaluation—**Peter Schuck**, a former director of the Washington office of Consumers Union of the U.S., will leave this spring to teach law at Yale.

Labor
Commissioner of the Bureau of Labor Statistics—**Julius Shiskin** died at the age of 66 following a kidney ailment.

Treasury
Assistant Secretary for Administration—**William J. Beckman, Jr.** is leaving to join the governmental affairs staff of the Ford Motor Co. in Detroit.

Environmental Protection Agency
Deputy Administrator for Radiation Programs—**William D. Rowe** is leaving the agency to become a professor of business administration at American University.

Federal Reserve Board
Member—**Phillip Jackson**, a member of the board since July, 1975, has resigned from the seven member board. This permits Carter to make his third appointment to the board.

Equal Employment Opportunity Commission
General Counsel—**Abner W. Sibal** is leaving to join the Washington office of Whitman and Ransom, a New York law firm.

U.S. International Trade Commission
Member—**Italo H. Ablondi**, a Democratic member of the commission, is leaving to return to practice law.

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The Plane: Cruising to Armageddon

by Blythe Babyak

About a week after the inauguration, Zbigniew Brzezinski, the President's assistant for national security, decided to run a little test. Brzezinski had been briefed on plans for rescuing the President in case of an attack on Washington. Now Brzezinski wanted to see for himself.

Brzezinski called in the old Irishman charged with the rescue. With a smile, Brzezinski asked him if he could really get the President out before the missiles came in.

"Yes sir," answered the officer. "That's why I'm here."

"Have you practiced?" asked Brzezinski.

"Of course," the officer said proudly. "We test this system all the time."

"That's good," said Brzezinski, "because the President authorized me to do just that." Brzezinski pushed back his left sleeve and pressed a button on his watch. "Pretend I'm the President. Pretend an alarm has sounded. Get me to safety."

"Now?" stammered the officer.

"Now," said Brzezinski, pushing the button again. The second hand began its sweep.

"You can't mean now," protested the officer. "It's dark. It's snowing. It's. . . ." Brzezinski cut short the excuses with a look and left the stunned officer babbling a series of breathless orders into the phone.

Brzezinski dashed for the helicopter rendezvous on the White House back lawn, pausing in the outer office only long enough to pick a pretty secretary to play the role of Mrs. Carter. Once out on the back lawn the stand-in First Family caught their breaths and waited. And waited. . . and waited. . . three minutes. . . five minutes. . . . Finally, the helicopter—supposedly always hovering on the alert—dropped in to "save" them.

Airborne at last, Brzezinski began testing vital communications channels. "Call the Joint Chiefs," he ordered.

"Right away, sir," answered the crewman, who put the call through the White House switchboard.

"Don't bother to continue," said Professor Brzezinski. "You just flunked communications. If this were really an attack the White House switchboard would be demolished by now."

And so it went. The helicopter flight to the plane designed to save the President took over twice the allowed time. The plane's "crack" crew—supposedly always on alert and ready to take off in three minutes—still wasn't ready to go when Brzezinski finally got there.

"Perhaps they were in the middle of a hand of cards," muttered Brzezinski, who was not amused.

Brzezinski was even less pleased on learning that this first test was almost his own last flight. You're very lucky, an Executive Protection Agency official told Brzezinski when the

Blythe Babyak is a Washington writer.

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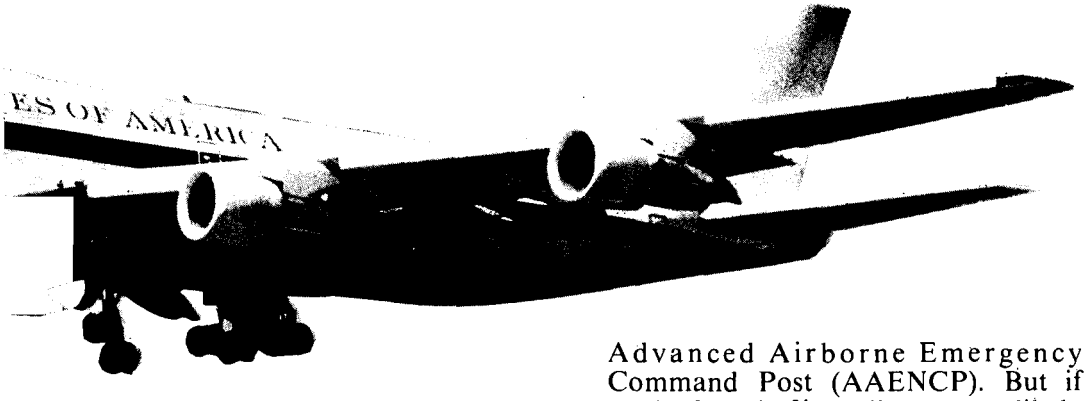

President's adviser returned to his office. Some of my men almost shot down your helicopter as an intruder."

It seems the officer Brzezinski called in was so unnerved by the thought of actually running the operation he'd been in charge of for years that he forgot to give the code words that would have let the Secret Service know the escape helicopter was "OK."

As to the object of Brzezinski's near-fatal flight, the machine that becomes this country's nerve center if it comes to Armageddon:

That's the Plane.

At Andrews Air Force base, just outside Washington, it sits apart from the other presidential planes. The main field is littered with assorted Special Mission Air Force jets that could carry Chip Carter to Peking or a congressional group to Taipei. To the left, over by the VIP area are the planes that shuttled Henry Kissinger around the world—those oft-televised beauties, Air Force One and Air Force Two. But there, over on the right, far away from the other planes sits the big one. A 747 bigger than Air Force One, with a proud UNITED STATES OF AMERICA emblazoned in four-and-a-half-foot high letters where an ordinary plane's windows would be.

It costs $250 million. One quarter of a billion dollars. It's the most expensive aircraft ever. The Joint Chiefs already own four of them, and there are many who think that we need twice that number to insure the nation's survival.

The Plane goes by the title of E-4 Advanced Airborne Emergency Command Post (AAENCP). But if you've heard of it at all, you most likely know it as the Doomsday Plane, the name reporters gave it last February when Carter took them along on the Plane's first presidential dry-run—a trip back home to Georgia. After going along for the ride, the press painted the Plane as a sort of electrified Fairy Godmother that can swoop down and bear our Leader away from the nuclear unpleasantness. Good copy, but not quite true.

Even when swept clean of classified equipment (so the press could take a peek), the Plane is as impressive inside as out. The interior bears little resemblance to your average 747. Computers, transmitters, conference rooms, map rooms, and a situation room with electronic screens ready to flash pictures of battle theaters in any part of the world. All this and more. There's a relatively spacious presidential cabin with an imperial gold color scheme. In the rear, bunks of a more Spartan quality accommodate the 15-man battle staff that operates the radar and computers and the 27-man crew that actually flies the Plane and feeds its precious cargo.

The Plane is not supposed to accommodate only the President. It can also take along 94 passengers. The guest list is a print-out of those who are essential to the President, the ultimate Who's Who. It is classified. And how. Brzezinski's usually jocular press secretary, former *Time* correspondent Jerry Schecter, answered inquiries about the Plane's passenger manifest with, "What are you trying to do anyway?" The clear implication was

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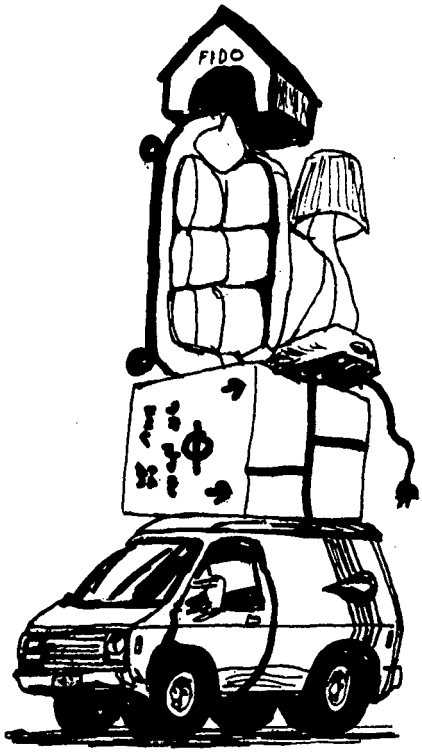

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that investigating the Plane was not only un-American, but dangerous. The head of the Executive Protection Agency was equally unhelpful, if less unnerved. He'd love to help, he said, but officially he wasn't even supposed to admit the Plane exists.

Is there a seat reserved for Mrs. Carter? No one would say, but the presence of Brzezinski's secretary would indicate there is. Washington insiders place the Joint Chiefs, Mondale, Vance, the CIA's Turner, Brown, Brzezinski and various under-secretaries of State and Defense on the Plane.

Some defense experts dispute the strategic assumptions which caused the Plane to be developed. Others question its effectiveness. In any case, the theory behind the Plane is simple. The Plane is supposed to get our Leader (whom the Pentagon calls the National Command Authority, or NCA) into the air. Then the NCA, secure in the world's most sophisticated airborne computer and communications center, can assume control. More specifically, from "just under the cockpit in a small, windowless, gold-carpeted room... the President and up to three other people... could, in total privacy, direct the next moves of World War III." So said *Time*'s article on the Plane. While some reporters went beyond the newsweeklies' rewriting of the Pentagon line, pointing out equipment deficiencies and the difference between the price tag the Pentagon put on the Plane and what each would actually cost the taxpayer ($117 million against $250 million apiece), most accounts didn't mention the Plane's gravest flaw.

The Plane can stay aloft 72 hours. Since even a nuclear war might last more than three days, we would need more than one. The plan is this: a few days into the war, the Plane would land in some remote spot and transfer the NCA to another Doomsday Plane. But note, unlike *Time*, I said the National Command Authority, not the President. To this delicate but crucial point we shall return shortly.

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No one engages in Washington power struggles to get a seat on the Top Secret manifest. Indeed, when confronted with nuclear contingency plans, people react in strange but telling ways. A few years ago, a mountain retreat 60 miles outside of Washington at Fort Ritchie was supposed to serve the same purpose as the Plane. (This underground shelter is now considered too vulnerable to direct strike to protect anything more lively than federal papers.) During the Cuban Missile Crisis, Larry O'Brien, then one of President Kennedy's top advisors, was told to prepare to head for the hill. He was one of those selected to survive the holocaust and run the country. O'Brien, a family man, asked about his wife. There's no place for your wife, he was told. Then there's no place for me, said O'Brien.

While everyone agrees that Fort Ritchie is obsolete and that the special 707s (the Plane's predecessor) aren't up to the job, not everyone agrees that the Plane is the right replacement. Because the Plane is classified, few officials are willing to discuss it on the record. Still they all have an opinion.

First, most of the Plane's supposedly ultra-modern gear is just transferred equipment from the 707s of the Nixon era. In fact, at present the Planes are so ill-equipped that they lack the data-processing equipment essential to sorting out the information that would flood in at the beginning of the trouble. The new Plane does carry twice as many people as the Nixon model, but that's about it.

Not that the Air Force doesn't long to put in jazzy new equipment. If they had their way, the Plane would have 13 separate communications systems, running the frequency range from VLF (Very Low Frequency) to SHF (Super High Frequency), an electromagnetic interference system, and more than 50 antennae to make the Plane look like the first flying porcupine. One of the four Planes is now in the shop getting these features. (When it has them it will be called the E-4B.) But upgrading the other three E-4s will have to wait. Blame funding foul-ups and production delays.

Would the expensive new transmitter really get the message across in a heavily radioactive atmosphere anyway? "Who can tell?" shrugged a nuclear engineer who's paid to know these things. "You're talking about delicate equipment functioning under conditions which are still largely unknown. It's just impossible to say."

"Of course the stuff will work," says Brigadier General Anderson W. Atkinson. As head of Project Command and Control, General Atkinson is in charge of all three existing nuclear attack survival centers: Fort Ritchie, the Pentagon, and the Plane (all Planes are considered one unit). The General gives the Plane a much higher rating than either the command post under the Pentagon or the one under Fort Ritchie because it is "mobile, flexible, and redundant." Translated from Pentagonese, this means the General likes the Plane best because there are several ("redundant") of them, which can move to different locations ("mobile"), and can be employed in a variety of ways ("flexible"). These qualities make it impossible for the Russians to "dig it out" (that is, blow the Plane to smithereens), as they could a stationary target, like, say, a shelter beneath the White House.

General Atkinson is proud of his Plane. His "boys" drill daily. Twice a year, he, the boys, and their Plane take part in a nuclear war game with the entire global force of the U.S. and her allies. From bases all over the world men and equipment move through a number of grim scenarios. In most the Plane acts as command central. In most, the President is not aboard the Plane.

This last feature of the war games may be the most realistic. Brzezinski's test showed that for all the military's "can-do," it has yet to get the fine art of saving the President down to a science. We'd have only minutes between the time our warning systems picked up the first Soviet missles and the time

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they hit their targets. That is for land-based missles. If they come by sea, all the efficiency in the world couldn't save the President. A Russian sub loitering 200 miles off the entrance to the Chesapeake Bay could land a missle in the capital in less than five minutes.

So what's all this talk about saving the President?

"Yes, that's very good of you to pick that one up," said the General. "There are several cases in which the President would not have the opportunity or would choose not to get aboard the Plane. That is why we say the Plane is designed to save the 'National Command Authority.'"

While General Atkinson admits the President may not make the Plane, he shies away from getting specific about who'd take the Commander-in-Chief's place. When pressed, the best the General would do was ask, "Isn't there an amendment that covers that?"

Of course, the 19th Amendment gives the order of presidential succession: Vice President, Speaker of the House, President Pro Tempore of the Senate. Then the Cabinet—State, Treasury, Defense, Attorney General, Interior, Agriculture, Commerce, Labor, HEW, and finally HUD. The list seems extensive, but there are days when an attack on Washington could destroy the entire chain. Who would the Plane pick up then? The men charged with preserving the NCA acted as if they hadn't a clue.

Despite their vague answers, military planners have, of course, spent a great deal of time figuring out precisely who would be aboard the Plane if all competent civilian authorities were dead or unavailable. Since civilian leaders are in Washington while our military commanders are scattered around the globe, it is likely—even logical—that not Jimmy Carter or Harold Brown, but instead each military outpost's command, would determine how the U.S. should retaliate. After the first strike these men might not even function under a single chain of command. Some of the surviving commanders might be in the Plane, some under the sea, others in remote posts that had not been first strike targets. While the brass would prefer to have the Commander-in-Chief aboard the Plane, they don't dispute its value without him.

"If he can't make it, the Plane will take off without him," explained General Atkinson. "What's the value of a command post that doesn't survive?"

Most of the debate over the Plane has centered on whether it will work, and whether it will act as a deterrent or goad to Soviet nuclear expansion. But when you begin to think about who might actually be on the Plane in the event of a nuclear war, you realize there may be a simpler reason to question our need for it. A man who spent five years psyching out the Russians for us puts it this way, "If you were in Moscow, and you wanted to play nuclear pattycake with us, you'd leave Washington intact so you'd have someone to deal with, wouldn't you? We don't need the Plane for deterrence. We've deterrence enough. If they knocked out Washington there would still be a minimum of 20 nuclear subs, 20 Strategic Air Command planes, and at least 20 missile launchers surviving for a second strike. Would the Russians rather deal with the Commander-in-Chief or up to 60 different groupings of senior military officers? [The rule is three men to a button.] Remember, those officers are the guys who really take this stuff seriously.

"I know who I'd take." ■

"'THERE ARE TOO FREE LUNCHES,' gloats the *Midweek Sun*, a paper in the San Francisco area, referring to a program under which local hospital cafeteria workers will be given one free meal a day. The program will cost $460,000."

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Tidbits and Outrages

Room at the Top

Mike Causey, a long-time student of the Indians-to-chiefs ratio in the federal government, reports that the great moment has come: the chiefs now outnumber the Indians. In Washington there are more GS-18s (salary $47,500) than GS-1s (salary $6,561).

Next Week: Sitting Down

Among the most popular activities of the bureaucratic world is attending conferences. A typical one is sponsored by the American Institute for Professional Education. The subject is "Decisioning." It takes two days and costs your employer $395, not counting your travel to such places as San Francisco and Denver, where the conference will be held. One feature of the conference is a session on Decision Meetings, the outline for which is:

1. Round Table
2. Square Table
3. Long Table
4. Pre-arranged vs. Ad Hoc

No Wonder the Cost of Islands is Rising

"Personal Finance," a newsletter that offers "Inflation Survival Strategies" is touting islands these days. "If the world plummets into economic depression and political chaos, an island is the ideal haven for riding out the storm." Of the island of St. Bartholomew, it says, "This eight square-mile island of 2,500 is unique in the Caribbean: its population is exclusively white. . . . Should be high on your list. . . ."

Do As I Say, Dept.

On September 1, President Carter signed a memorandum to the heads of all government agencies requesting that their agencies reduce their travel by 20 per cent. Since then the President has had the following travel schedule:

Sept.4: Camp David; Sept. 17: returned from Camp David; Sept. 20: Atlantic City; Sept. 22: North and South Carolina; Sept. 23: Columbus, Ohio; Oct. 1: Orlando, Fla., Aliquippa, Pa.; Oct. 5: Camp David; Oct. 7: returned to White House for two hours for a concert; Oct. 10: returned from Camp David; Oct. 13: Camp David; Oct. 15: returned from Camp David; Oct. 18: Baltimore, Md.; Oct. 21: Wichita, Kansas, Rochester, Minn.; Oct. 26: Nashville, Tenn., Miami, Fla.; Oct. 28: Buffalo, N.Y., Hartford, Conn., Bedford, Mass., Lynn, Mass., Portland, Maine; Nov. 2: New York City, Flint, Mich., Chicago, Ill., Niles, Ill.; Nov. 3: Portland, Ore., Sacramento, Ca., Duluth, Minn., Camp David; Nov. 9: Kansas City, Mo.; Nov. 11: Camp David.

The Case Against Entrepreneurs

The Robert Ringer Award for 1978 goes to Financial Management Associates, publishers of "Why Sons of Bitches Succeed and Nice Guys Fail in Small Business." A promotional leaflet for the book promises, "In Chapter Two we will show you how to screw your employees first (before they screw you)—how to maneuver them into low-pay jobs they are afraid to walk away from—how to hire and fire so you always make money."

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How the Supreme Court Sabotaged Civil Service Reform

by Robert M. Kaus

Sometime last January a radical proposal landed on the desks of Stuart Eizenstat's aides in the rococco Old Executive Office Building. It was a draft "decision memo" on civil service reform—the "centerpiece" of President Carter's reorganization plans and the main vehicle for his efforts to "increase government's efficiency by placing new emphasis on the quality of performance of Federal workers." The memo, prepared by the Civil Service Commission and the Office of Management and Budget, certainly fit the President's requirements, particularly in the critical area of removing "non-performing" employees. To replace the byzantine structure of hearings, notices, and appeals to which civil servants were then entitled, the memo proposed a simple procedure: Employees could be dismissed by the concurrence of three supervisors—the one who initiated the discharge, a higher-up, and a third supervisor experienced in deciding such disputes. If these three agreed that an employee wasn't performing up to snuff, the employee would be fired, then and there, with only a limited right of appeal for "substantial procedural error."

Despite the proposal's fairly dramatic potential for improving bureaucratic performance, some of Eizenstat's aides were troubled. For one thing, the memo surely would provoke opposition from federal employee organizations. But bargaining with the unions was to be expected, and there was even some virtue in starting the negotiations from a tough position. No, there was another,

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trickier problem—the proposal might be *unconstitutional.* Simon Lazarus and Stephen Simmons, two lawyers on the Domestic Council, were particularly disturbed by this possibility. They called in some legal scholars and the Justice Department. Yes, came the answers, there were indeed constitutional difficulties. While the decisions of the Supreme Court were fuzzy, they appeared to require that every civil servant be given a full-fledged trial-type hearing before he could be finally discharged. Armed with these opinions, Lazarus and Simmons successfully led a push to change the draft proposal. By the time the decision memo reached Carter's desk, the right to an evidentiary appeal had been restored.

After the White House sent this revised proposal to Congress, and at each stage in the bill's passage into law, what had happened in the Executive Office Building happened again. Those who wanted to make it less difficult to fire incompetent civil servants not only had to negotiate with the employee unions, and their congressional champions, but with an unseen third party—the Supreme Court. During the House-Senate conference, for example, Rep. William Ford repeatedly and effectively argued that unless more protections for employees were added, the whole reform package would be threatened. "The very first case of any consequence is going to be in the courts," Ford warned the conferees, "and then Scotty [Civil Service Commission Chairman Alan "Scotty" Campbell] is going to be sitting with a death row over there of thousands of cases waiting to see what the Supreme Court is going to do."

By the time the bill became law, the provisions for firing unproductive civil servants had expanded to become a complex three-stage pyramid of procedural hurdles: First, an employee is entitled to 30 days notice of the "adverse action," and a chance to rebut the charges against him. Then, if he wants, he is entitled to a trial-type hearing before the new Merit Systems Protection Board (MSPB), at which his agency must demonstrate that "substantial evidence" supported the decision to fire. Finally, the discharged employee can seek review of the MSPB's ruling in a federal appeals court.

So, if you're expecting the new civil service reforms to create, as Carter put it, "a climate in which managers may discharge non-performing employees," don't hold your breath. It's easier to fire a civil servant now, but one shudders to think how long an employee with the right kind of lawyer could prolong the appeal of a discharge under the new system. The administration hopes, at best, for a 60-day "turnaround" between the date of firing and the decision of the MSPB. The board that performed the MSPB's function before the recent reorganization, however, took an *average* of 168.9 days to decide each case. And that's just the appeal to the MSPB. Tack a 30-day notice in front of that, and a trip through the clogged federal appeals court at the end, and you've still got a system under which supervisors will be asking themselves, "Is it worth a year or more of my time trying to fire this guy?"

What the history of the civil service bill shows is that the main obstacle to changing this system is no longer the Congress, or even the unions—it's the courts. It was the threat of unconstitutionality—of judicial veto, as it were—that scared Carter's aides and supporters into watering down their reforms.

The 'New Property'

The part of the Constitution that caused all the trouble is the Due Process Clause, which says that the government shall not "deprive any person of life, liberty or property without due process of law." Just reading the provision, you might not think it was designed to protect civil servants. But, knowing the need for judges to elaborate on the Constitution's purposefully vague language,

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you might speculate that firing a federal employee would be construed, in some esoteric way, to be a deprivation of, er. . . liberty? The liberty to engage in a profession perhaps—"the right to type," you know, that sort of thing. You would be wrong. Firing a federal civil servant does not *per se* deprive him of "liberty" under the Due Process Clause. What a civil service job is, in modern constitutional theory, is *property*.

Today, law students know they are well on their way to "thinking like lawyers" when this strained reading of the Founding Fathers' words begins to make sense. Forty years ago, however, the average attorney would have stared back in disbelief at anyone who told him that a federal job was property, just like a plot of land. It took a lot of ambitious thinking, and a bit of history, before the idea became second nature. But if two men have to take credit for the spectacular growth of the constitutional job rights of government workers, they would probably be Senator Joe McCarthy and Charles Reich (the latter better known as author of the '60s bestseller, *The Greening of America*.) Let's start with McCarthy.

"If you're expecting the new civil service reforms to create 'a climate in which managers may discharge non-performing employees, don't hold your breath."

Prior to the 1950s, the law on firing government employees was fairly simple: the government could constitutionally fire an employee without jumping through any procedural hoops. Moreover the government employee worked—as far as the Constitution was concerned—at the will of his superiors; he could even be sacked solely because of his political inclinations. These principles were neatly summed up in Oliver Wendell Holmes' 1892 statement that a policeman "may have a constitutional right to talk politics, but he has no constitutional right to be a policeman."

All that changed during the McCarthy era, as red-hunters searched the government payrolls for Communists and their sympathizers. A generation of liberal lawyers was weaned on the struggle against the persecution of these employees, and it

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was a great liberal victory when, in 1956, the Supreme Court stopped the dismissal of a New York college teacher who had been fired for taking the Fifth Amendment at a federal loyalty inquiry. In presuming that this act was an admission of guilt, the Court said, the state had failed to afford the teacher the "due process" required by the Constitution. The Court didn't specify, in terms of the language of the Due Process Clause, just what the teacher had been deprived *of*—was it life, liberty, or property? But this was no time for conceptual nicety, and over the next decade "due process" was repeatedly invoked in attempts to save the careers of officials charged with subversive leanings. Taking away someone's government job had become a serious constitutional matter.

In 1964 Reich entered the picture. He was troubled by the growing importance of government largesse—from welfare payments, to broadcast licenses, to admission to the bar, the well-being of more and more Americans seemed to depend on what their country could do for them. In a sweeping and original article, Reich described this growing dependence as a threat to individual liberty. His solution was to restore the status of the individual citizen by giving him constitutional rights to the largesse he received. Significantly, the right on which Reich seized as his model was the property right, and he argued that all manner of government benefits should be "property" under the Due Process Clause, with elaborate procedures (the "due process") required before the benefits could be withdrawn. Just as ten acres and a mule had been the basis for individualism in earlier times, Reich reasoned, so his "New Property" could preserve individual freedom in the "joyless landscape of the public interest state."

Surprisingly, while Reich noted that the government accounted for 20 per cent of all jobs, and that many other jobs depended on government contracts, he didn't put much emphasis

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on protecting the interests of government workers. Instead, he concentrated on cases, like cutoffs from welfare benefits, in which the injustice of arbitrary government action seemed overwhelming. But Reich's article fell on the receptive ears of a booming civil rights industry, whose whole *raison d'etre* was finding more and more ingenious applications for new constitutional theories like Reich's. Law reviews—student-run journals that are the primary outlets for American legal scholarship—soon converted Reich's proposal into an abstract legal formula capable of almost unlimited application. The courts, wrote one eager law reviewer, should "regard life, liberty and property as encompassing everything of which a person can be deprived, and hold that a person has a claim within the ambit of the due process clause whenever governmental action has accrued to his detriment." All that you needed to make a "new property" right was some action by the government that was hurting somebody, and liberals had a field day finding injustices that could be cured by application of this recipe.

"Even to civil libertarians, government employment is beginning to look like one area where the Court got a bit carried away by a fad. . ."

The Supreme Court was a bit more cautious in its approach, but after a few years of exhortation by the legal journals—and after a few of the law students who had written those articles had served their tours of duty as assistants to the Justices—the Court started creating a series of "new property" rights. Welfare payments, of course, were first on the list, with the Court ruling in 1970 that a state couldn't remove a recipient from the rolls without first giving him a chance to prove his eligibility at a quasi-judicial hearing. From welfare the Court moved on to drivers' licenses, which became "property" under the Due Process Clause in 1971.

These decisions were well-received by the legal profession's avant-garde. But, the law reviews noted, there were still some areas where the new formula hadn't been applied. For example, what could be more important to an

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individual than his government job? "Given the modern emphasis on protecting individuals against significant inflictions of harm," one commentator complained, "why have the courts excluded public employees from the expanded panoply of the Due Process Clause?"

In 1972 the inevitable happened. A political science professor at a Texas state college was dismissed, and he sued to get his job back. The job, the teacher said, was his "property," and the state shouldn't have been able to take it away without giving him, in effect, a mini-trial at which he could dispute the grounds for dismissal. The Supreme Court was unanimous in its agreement. In deciding that a government job could be "property," the Court handily cited as legal precedent the McCarthy-era cases that had reinstated employees in the name of "due process." But there was a key difference between those cases and the "new property" theory. In the 50s, the courts had protected employees who had been fired for exercising some constitutional privilege, like the right against self-incrimination. The new rule applied indiscriminately to every deprivation of the "property interest" in a job. Whether you were discharged because you were a red, or because you slept at work, you were constitutionally entitled under the "property" doctrine to "due process."

Two years later, in *Arnett* v. *Kennedy*, a divided Court extended this "property" right to include the jobs of federal civil servants. At the same time, the Court announced its intention to guarantee those employees their "due process" even if the Congress chose to cut back on the procedures required in the statutes. A discharged employee, the Court majority implied, could demand a full inquest, with lawyers, testimony and cross-examination, if he chose to fight his dismissal.

Arnett is the case that gave civil service reformers in the Carter administration the biggest headaches. In effect, it presented them with a

"The Court has preferred to see the Constitution as a sort of super-Pendleton Act, extending the civil service laws to those parts of the government left untouched by the statutes themselves."

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choice: give all employees the right to cumbersome trial-type hearings, or risk passing a law that would be struck down by the Court. In fact, the threat of *Arnett* was so great that it was successfully used to attack a provision in the White House's bill that dared to go so far as to deny employees a hearing if there were no factual disputes to hear.

Since the effect of *Arnett* has been to help gut the most important piece of legislation Congress addressed last term, we have good reason to question the wisdom of that decision—and of the property rationale that underlies it. In private business, after all, the courts are quite willing to say that being fired isn't the end of the world for an employee—at least no court has yet ruled that the Constitution requires private employers to go through evidentiary hearings to determine if each and every discharge is justified. Why, when the government is doing the hiring and firing, is the situation so different that lawyers and judges should fall all over themselves with constitutional concern?

In retrospect, the crusade for the federal employee's job rights appears to have been, at best, misguided—particularly from the point of view of the liberal lawyers who led it. The net effect of their efforts was to add a permanent layer of red tape to the bureaucracy, and to hamper the ability of the government to perform all the regulatory and redistributive functions liberals care about.

Even to civil libertarians, government employment is beginning to look like one area where the Court got carried away by the "new property" fad. Professor Laurence Tribe, a liberal defender of judicial activism, admits concern over "attempts to squeeze public office-holding into the mold of private property entitlements." He notes a "thoughtful reconsideration" of the issue by Professor William Van Alstyne, who concludes "There is something abrasive and offensive, something anachronistic, in the idea that public sector positions can be appropriately described as the property of the individual status holder."

This "thoughtful reconsideration" has so far eluded the Court. Instead, even after *Arnett*, the Justices preferred to see the Constitution as a sort of super-Pendleton Act, extending the civil service laws to even those aspects of government employment untouched by the statutes themselves. The absurd culmination of this attitude came in *Elrod* v. *Burns*, a 1976 case in which the Supreme Court imposed its version of the "merit system" on the venerable patronage machine of Chicago—and, incidentally, on all the other state, local and federal government institutions that had previously avoided the bureaucratic arteriosclerosis of the civil service.

Burns, it seems, was a minor functionary in the office of the Republican sheriff of Cook County, Illinois. As a bureaucrat in a patronage system, he could only expect to retain his job as long as his party remained in power. And, when the voters of Chicago elected a Democratic sheriff named Elrod, Burns was fired—as everyone knew he would be. This time, though, the Supreme Court stepped in. Such patronage dismissals, Justice Brennan said in his opinion, were unconstitutional; they penalized Burns for expressing his Republican sympathies. The civil service ideal—that government service should be free from all political risk—had come to Cook County. Henceforth, according to Brennan, even political appointees at Burns' level could only be fired for "good cause."

But the Court, we may imagine some astute law review editor pointing out, had yet to extend this principle to its ultimate application. That will happen the day the Justices rule that a losing candidate for reelection can successfully sue to get his office back. After all, how could the courts allow him to be deprived of his valuable government job simply because of the views he expressed in a campaign? ■

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Memo of the Month

MICHIGAN
HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES
LANSING, MICHIGAN 48909

MEMORANDUM

TO: Josephine Martin

FROM: Doug Drake

DATE: October 4, 1978

SUBJECT: Sign-out procedures.

Josephine, I've noticed that you did not sign out when you left the building yesterday to attend mass (Tom Husband, Mary Kay and I were standing in the parking lot and saw you enter the church).

The procedure is:

Sign out, with a desination, phone number and approximate time of return, whenever you leave your office.

DCD:slh

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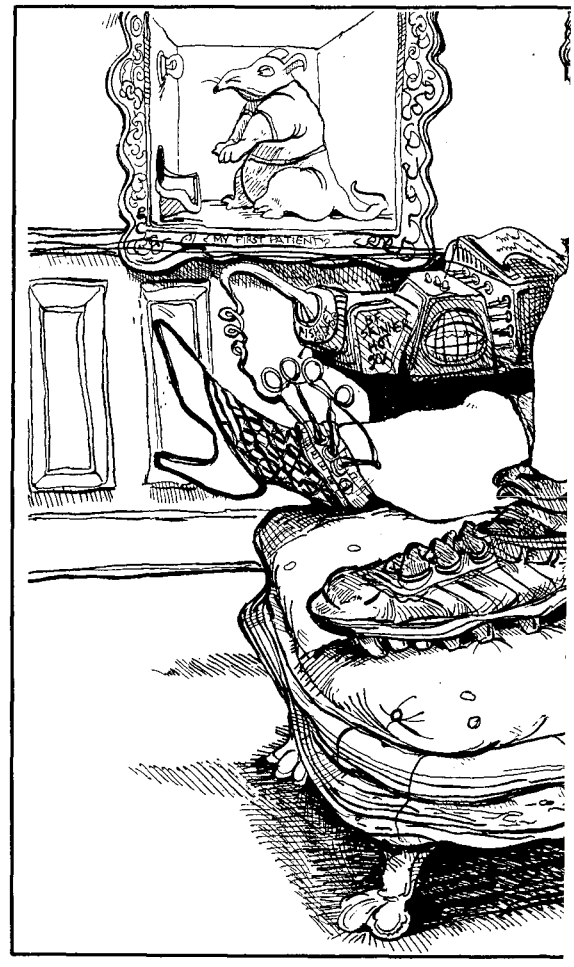
What's Wrong With Psychology

by Michael Nelson

It was, you might say, psychology's equivalent of the Ali-Inoki fight of a couple years back. Remember that one?—the "World Martial Arts Championship" between Ali and clownish Japanese professional wrestler Antonio ("The Pelican") Inoki, who spent the entire 15 rounds scooting around on his rear, firing scissors kicks at Ali's legs. The "fight" ended in a draw, the judges ruled, but everyone else knew better, including Ali. When you stoop, you are expected to conquer.

The "World Therapeutic Arts Championship" (or so they could have called it) took place in India, not Tokyo; lasted five years, not 15 rounds; and matched psychologists and witch-doctors, not boxers and wrestlers. But aside from these particulars, it was the same sort of affair. Schizophrenics who came in to the All-India Institute of Mental Health in Bangalore were divvied up, reports Martin Gross in his excellent book, *The Psychological Society*—half to the Institute's Western-trained psychiatrists and half to some native Ayurvedic healers. Both groups of therapists were instructed to



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ply their trades to the utmost. Yet after the five years were over, the best psychology could claim was a draw; each set of patients had shown equal rates of at least partial improvement. (The only difference was that the witch-doctors tended to send their's home about a week earlier than the psychiatrists.)

For Ali, of course, the Inoki fiasco was a one-shot deal; he soon went back to beating Ken Norton and company and in time most people forgot the whole thing. But for psychology, the stand-off with the witch-doctors turned out to be just one in a series of similar humiliations.

The trouble began 26 years ago. Since the days of Freud, psychology had reveled in its cure rates. Three decades of research had found over and over again that people who received psychotherapy of one kind or another enjoyed about a two-to-one chance of improving significantly. In 1952 University of London psychiatrist Hans Eysenck reviewed and duly recorded these studies in an article for the *Journal of Consulting Psychology*.

But Eysenck went one step further. He turned up another report, this one from a medical, not a psychological, journal. A Dr. R. Denker, he learned, had dug into the claim files of the Equitable Life Assurance Society and found 500 cases of people who had been "totally disabled" for three months or longer by various forms of psychoneurosis. These people had received no subsequent help from professional psychologists, just general practitioners. Yet after two years 72

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per cent were back on the job without further complaint. The figures, Eysenck concluded, "fail to prove that psychotherapy, Freudian or otherwise, facilitates the recovery of neurotic patients. They show that roughly two thirds of a group of neurotic patients will recover or improve to a marked extent within about two years of the onset of their illnesses whether they are treated by means of psychotherapy or not."

That article opened the floodgates. Though psychology kept on bragging about how well its clients were doing (which it still does, successfully in most circles), a few people began asking: "Compared to what?" Hans Strupp of Vanderbilt pitted five of his university hospital's most experienced psychologists and psychiatrists against seven professors from the English, history, math, and philosophy departments. Each group was assigned 15 undergraduates suffering from anxiety or depression; the professors were told to do just whatever came naturally. After a year the two sets of patients were reevaluated. The amount of improvement was the same for each. In a different study, writes Martin Gross, a researcher "pressed college *students* into service as group therapy leaders at a mental hospital and compared their results with those of psychiatrists and social workers running similar groups at the hospital." This time the amateurs did better than the professionals.

If there was any consolation for psychology in all this, it was that at least it was losing to warm bodies. But the research of Jerome Frank, an emeritus professor at the Johns Hopkins University medical school, did not leave psychological professionals even that much to cling to. In his book, *Persuasion and Healing*, Frank describes an experiment he conducted to see what would happen if you gave some patients placebos (sugar pills described to the takers as a "new pill, not yet on the market") and others six months of psychotherapy. The results? You guessed it—a banner day for M&M's.

Doctors, witch-doctors, college teachers, college students, candy—all shown to be the equal of modern psychology. Surely, though, psychology would prove better than nothing, wouldn't it? The answer (and you've probably guessed it, too) came in a series of "waiting-list" studies, one of them conducted by, of all people, Timothy Leary.

Back in his pre-visionary days, Leary was a rising star in psychology—assistant professor at Berkeley, lecturer at Harvard, and psychological research director at the Kaiser Foundation Hospital in Oakland, California. (In fact, Leary was so straight while at Kaiser that he developed a personality test that the CIA, among other agencies, picked up, and that later was administered to Leary himself during one of his incarcerations). Kaiser's psychiatric clinic had more applicants for treatment than it could handle. Patients were accepted arbitrarily; those not chosen were put on a waiting-list—but all were screened first with the Minnesota Multiphasic Personality Test. Leary and a colleague saw an opportunity to learn something here. After six months, they readministered the test to both groups, the lucky ones who had received psychotherapy and the unfortunates who had not. Was psychology better than simply fending for oneself? "The therapy patients," concluded Leary, "did not improve significantly more than did the waiting-list controls."

Competing Cures

It is possible, of course, that there are subtleties being lost here, that even if applied psychology as a whole is unsuccessful, some kinds of treatment work better than others. Possible, but not yet shown. "To be sure," says Jerome Frank, "practitioners of each method report successes with patients who had failed to respond to other methods, but since all can do this, the claims cancel each other." Thus, group therapy turns out to be just as

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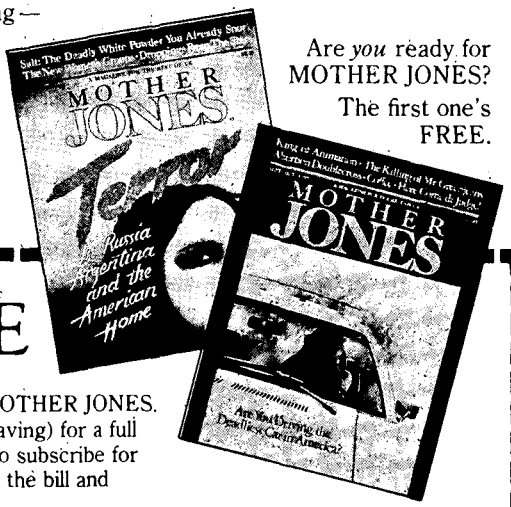

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(in)effective as the more vaunted and expensive one-on-one treatments. (Penn's Lester Luborsky found that in 13 comparative studies, the score was: group therapy, 2; individual therapy, 2; no difference, 9.) Frequent sessions probably are no better than infrequent ones (groups of veterans who received variously four hours, two hours, and one hour of treatment every two weeks all improved about the same, reports the *Journal of Abnormal and Social Psychology*). And treating people when they are children is no more successful than counseling adults. (Eugene Levitt's waiting-list study at the Institute for Juvenile Research in Chicago turned up the same two thirds improvement rate for both treated and untreated children that Eysenck discovered in treated and untreated adults). Even psychoanalysis—the four hours a week for five years variety—doesn't seem to work especially well, Professors Luborsky, Eysenck, and others have found.

Let's dwell on this last finding for a moment. After all, analysis is psychology's top-of-the-line—applied Freud in the purest form, its practitioners only a generation or two removed from the master. It is also the theoretical fount from which other leading therapies have sprung. So the reasons why analysis doesn't work ought to show us why applied psychology in many of its lesser incarnations doesn't work either.

Analysis is the familiar stuff of Woody Allen monologues and "Grin 'n Bear It" cartoons, so a brief description of what it involves should suffice. The patient really does lie on a couch or its equivalent, comfortable and free from distraction in order to encourage a relaxed regression to a childlike state. The analyst sits quietly, behind or off to the side—"impenetrable to the patient," in Freud's prescription, "and, like a mirror, reflect[ing] nothing but what is shown to him." He is, the theory goes, both there and not there—a neutral entity on whom the patient is supposed to be able to project whatever childhood emotions he summons up. This goes on for a few years until, at long last, comes the climax, the analyst's "interpretation." "In this intriguing detective game," writes Martin Gross, "the analyst finds the clues in memories, word associations, dreams, fantasies, Freudian slips, traumas, the patient's transference to the analyst, and even in his resistance to the analytic procedure. As drama, it can surpass any of the literary arts. In its sexual content, it competes with the best of Henry Miller." Gross cites as not atypical a Michigan analyst's journal report of a woman patient who took an amphetamine from her purse and, meaning to say it was a "crutch," inadvertantly said "clutch." The analyst, noting that as she spoke she made a fist as if "clenching an imaginary gear-shift lever directly over her pubic area," decided that the pill represented "an illusory penis." His conclusion: "The whole symptomatic act could be expressed through the various meanings of the one key word: 'She clutches her clutch when she feels clutched-up in the clutch.'" Armed with such interpretive revelations, psychoanalysts say, patients can understand themselves and thus handle life a lot better; "Where id was," said Freud, "there ego shall be."

As we already have seen, though, nobody has found any evidence that analysis does any such thing, any more than its spin-off therapies do. For one, analysts can't apply Freud's theories the way homemakers apply Betty Crocker's recipes; they just aren't that clear. One rueful San Francisco analyst, Allen Wheelis, concedes that "a dozen psychoanalysts listening to the same material are likely to formulate a dozen different estimations of its meaning." But even more important is that the basic theory on which psychoanalysis rests (and which, for reasons we will see later, has gone untested) may not make good sense.

The theory revolves around Freud's notion of infantile sexuality, a notion which, to state it baldly, regards small children as veritable sex machines—

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sucking, licking, stroking, and lusting their way through successive stages of oral, anal, then genital obsession with their parents and selves. Problems can crop up at any of these stages, but the most serious ones originate between ages three and six, when the famed Oedipal conflict occurs. This is not just allegorical stuff—Freud wrote that the male child "wishes to possess [his mother] physically in such ways as he had divined from his observations and intuitions about sexual life." With any luck, the kid gets over it quickly and emerges from childhood unscathed. But if he doesn't, the time bomb starts ticking, set to go off when adulthood brings back all the unresolved conflicts in new guises—the fellow who can't get along with his boss because he was afraid of his father, the compulsively orderly person whose toilet-training wasn't right, that sort of thing. Nobody remembers any of these childhood feelings, but that doesn't trouble the psychoanalysts. "The reason is simple," says one. "We prefer to forget this forbidden love. The memory of the incest wish is repressed and becomes unconscious." That is why interpretations often are based not on anything that anyone actually recalls, but on the analyst's "reconstruction" of events that he thinks "probably" happened during the patient's early childhood.

Of course, there is an alternative explanation of why nobody remembers their sex-obsessed childhood: they never had one. A remarkable thing about analysts is how little time they spend studying young children as they are going through their purportedly determinative stages. "Why do I not go into the nursery and experiment?" asked Freud. "Because [I have] 12½ hours' work and no time and because the womenfolk do not back me up in my investigations." Yet people who do work with infants and pre-schoolers—even child psychologists—rarely see any evidence of the supposedly universal Oedipal conflict. Professor William Sewell, who observed 162 farm children over a period of time, found no link between such things as whether they were breast-fed, or how they were toilet-trained, and how they turned out later on. As for "repressed" memories, researchers have found that it is doubtful they were ever retained in the first place; infants simply don't have the reasoning capacity to remember very much, good or bad.

To be sure, not all psychologists are undiluted Freudians; surveys of the profession estimate that at least 90 per cent are not. But even those who strenuously emphasize their differences with Freud often recognize that their approaches are variations on his theme. Followers of Karen Horney may have a more benign attitude toward women, Harry Stack Sullivan's disciples a less rigid view of infantile determinism, and so on, but when you get right down to it, concedes John Briggs of the American Academy of Psychoanalysts (rival to the avowedly Freudian American Psychoanalytic Association), "We are Freudians."

The only fundamental theoretical challenge to Freud has come from B.F. Skinner's behavioral psychology, which holds that people act the way they do not for reasons of basic personality, but rather because of prods from their environment in the here-and-now. This "seek pleasure, avoid pain" ethos, when it emerges from the laboratories of university psychology departments, has been put to some disturbing ends. (The behaviors that behavioral psychologists value always seem to be on the order of quieter children and more docile prisoners.) And the effectiveness of Skinner's psychology as therapy is far from proven. Conditioning or

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"behavior-modification," as it is called, seems to work best only in controlled environments (like schools), when the desired behavior is specific (raise your hand before talking), with people whose learning is not very far advanced, and for relatively brief periods of time.

The Secret of Success

In short, psychological counseling as presently practiced seems about as useful as a few beers, a good cry, and a day in the country. The main reason the two thirds of the patients who get counseling also get better is the same artifact of timing that the medical profession has profited from all these years: people start treatment when there is literally no place to go but up. As Jerome Frank explains, "Most people come to psychotherapy when they are in the throes of a crisis or recovering from one." Naturally, they are "more distressed and incapacitated than they were a few months before or will be a few months later regardless of any [professional] intervention." Psychology remains a boom industry simply because people don't know that; what they know is that their friend Gini was a wreck after the divorce, started seeing that nice Dr. Van Siclen, and sure is a lot better now.

That takes care of the two thirds whose wounds time will heal, and whose experience leads some critics of psychology to wish the whole field would just up and disappear. But it still leaves the one third whom neither time nor psychology seems to be helping—the really sick or, at the very least, the chronically troubled. (It also leaves the victims of psychiatrogenic, or therapist-caused, damage—as many as one of every 10 who are treated, in Hans Strupp's estimate.) Ours is the kind of high-pressure society that produces a lot of psychological victims—people who have been told that they are supposed to be happy and successful yet aren't—and they are not going to get better by themselves. When we say that there is something wrong with a psychology that doesn't help people in need, we are also saying just how much we need a psychology that does.

Why aren't we getting it? One reason is that those who practice applied psychology—the psychiatrists, clinical psychologists, and other psychotherapists—don't have to push themselves. In fact, there is every incentive not to: the real money comes from "counseling" well-off people, many of whom are going to get better anyway, and it comes with a lot less effort. Genuinely sick people, not surprisingly, are the last ones many applied psychologists want to fool with, especially if they are poor or working class. One psychoanalyst, Ralph Greenson, records in volume one of *The Technique and Practice of Psychotherapy* a list of characteristics for analyzable patients that, as Martin Gross says, "seem better suited for screening candidates for an Order of the British Empire than a troubled soul seeking to spend $50,000 for psychic repair." Keep in mind, as you read this list, that Dr. Greenson isn't kidding:

—The ability to endure waiting, frustration, and hardship.

—Since the patient must reveal his innermost secrets, it requires a person of honesty and integrity of purpose.

—He should be "verbal" and have the ability to communicate intelligibly about subtle mixes of emotions.

—He should have excellent emotional flexibility.

—He should not be physically sick, be in the midst of an exciting love affair, or have a combative or angry husband, wife, or parent.

Lest Greenson be thought exceptional, here's what happened when a sample of 421 psychotherapists was asked to check off which on a long list of adjectives described "preferred patients." Heading the charts were intelligent, alert, adaptable, frank, cooperative, sincere, sensitive, and curious. "Anxious" was the only one to make the Top 25 that didn't seem to describe the perfect computer date; despondent, high-strung, suspicious,

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"The vacuousness psychotherapy displays to its patients in the clinics, offices and hospitals is a reflection of how little we really know about the mind and its disorders."

and unstable didn't even come close.

To be sure, some of these ideal patients may have real problems. The successful, well-liked businessman may be impotent, the published author may have a mental block which prevents him from publishing twice as frequently. But it's depressing to realize that a large segment of the profession spends so much time uncovering these hidden defects of the rich, when there are so many others babbling incoherently on city streetcorners or destroying themselves with drugs or alcohol. And as long as psychotherapists see their purpose in life as saying "There, there" to slightly overwrought YAVISs (Young, Attractive, Verbal, Intelligent, Successful), it's no wonder that the really sick people don't get better. (Apparently this class bias hasn't pervaded the profession to the point where therapists think that *only* those who can pay the bills are sick. Quite the reverse, as a rather wicked study by two University of Oklahoma researchers suggests. They hired an actor to portray on tape a man of unusually good mental health, then played the tape for separate groups of psychiatric residents. One group was told that the man was an $85-a-week grocery clerk; the other two thought he was either an office-supply salesman or a wealthy industrialist. After each group heard the tape, it was asked for an opinion. The psychiatrists who thought the man was a grocery clerk said he was mentally ill and probably beyond hope of recovery. Those who had been told he was rich said the man was perfectly fine as far as they could tell. And the group in the middle came down in the middle.)

But psychology's dirty little secret is that even if professional psychotherapists wanted to help the truly disturbed of all classes, it is doubtful that there is much they could do—the studies cited above, and the many more they represent—are evidence enough of that. Which brings us to the second, more important reason why applied psychology doesn't work: the *basic* psychology—the scientific, intellectual foundation that any applied science needs to keep it going—just isn't there. "Psychology," explains Professor Allen Bergin, "is still a primitive discipline, in its pre-Galilean stage awaiting a breakthrough that will bring it closer to science. The problem, I believe, is that psychology skipped its naturalistic, descriptive phase. It jumped into experimentation without first going through its job of simple observation. Perhaps before theorizing and experimenting, we should have talked to grandmothers and mothers, watched children and adults, and simply described them. Biology did that for hundreds of years." What Bergin is saying is that the vacuousness psychotherapy displays to its patients (especially that truly sick one third) in the clinics, offices, and hospitals is a reflection of how little we really know about the mind and its disorders.

The Rat Imperative

One would expect, or at least hope, that the deficiency would be remedied in the psychological research departments of the major universities, where such basic knowledge is supposed to come from. Unfortunately, the culture of academe—and of academic psychology in particular—virtually guarantees that it won't. It is a culture that values scientific trappings above science, and worse yet, that encourages a blandness of thought and manner from its members that all but precludes any effective challenge to those values.

"Back when I was coming through school," recalls 59-year-old research

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"Asking the psychological profession to flaunt its own ignorance is a lot like asking the economists to admit they don't know how to stop inflation."

psychologist John Holland, "everybody was pretty much disillusioned with just sitting around theorizing about the human mind. They all kind of decided that to be scientific they needed to go get some data and let it speak for itself. What that meant in practice was concentrating on the problems that were most amenable to data-gathering studies."

The amenable problems, it turned out, more often involved rats than people. You can do just about anything you want with rats—run them through mazes, keep them awake all night, pump them full of drugs, feed them when they respond and starve them when they don't. Even the CIA can't do those things with people anymore. On top of all that, because rats are so easy to get in large quantities and so subject to manipulations, you can measure their behavior, plug the measurements into the most complicated statistical models imaginable, and be fairly certain that the answers you come up with will make sense. The final product: a publishable article or, if you play your cards right, a dozen articles and a big government grant for your next research proposal. So while Freudians and their fellow travelers abound on the therapeutic front lines, the rat people control the universities.

Suppose, now, you're a first year psychology graduate student at a typical major campus. You say you chose psychology because you were interested in people? Fine. First there is the screening committee your university has set up to pass judgment on research proposals involving "human subjects" (that's people)—you have to get by that, which is time-consuming at best. Next you have to recruit your subjects—remember those ads on the school bulletin boards? And then there is the basic decision: Do you want to study a lot of people, which means you will be able to quantify the little you have time to learn about them, or are you going to concentrate on just a few in the certain knowledge that no matter how deeply and well you explore their complex personalities, there is a journal editor just waiting to tell you that your article is too methodologically "soft" to be scientific? If you care at all about your career in the land of publish or perish, you will either stick with the rats or learn to study people with as little subtlety as if they were rats.

"The obsession with quantification," writes social science critic Stanislav Andreski, "promoted mainly by the desire to claim the status of an exact science, has led an increasingly large portion of psychologists to abandon all the higher forms of human conduct and thought and to concentrate on the simplest forms of behavior of rats or even lower animals." The result, he contends, is that "we get on the one side irrelevancies and trivialities produced with the aid of ultra-sophisticated statistical methods, while on the other, we have dogmas emanating from flights of disordered imagination," namely, psychotherapies that don't help anybody.

A Therapy-Starved Public

Some psychologists will admit, if asked, that the human psyche is a complex thing, and that they don't know very much about how it works. This diffident attitude could use a lot more public exposure and professional diffusion. It might lead to a

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profession a little less willing to make grand therapeutic claims, and a little more open about testing and applying new knowledge. For example, there are a lot of studies (of twins and adopted children) that seem to suggest that schizophrenia may be a disease rooted in genes rather than emotions. Autism, mania, and depression are other "mental illnesses" that may be physically caused and cured. At the very least, these are plausible hypotheses, worthy of serious consideration by anyone whose business it is to understand the mind.

Unfortunately, asking the psychological profession to flaunt its own ignorance is a lot like asking the economists to admit they don't know how to stop inflation. Psychologists don't receive healthy salaries, attend symposia, and chair prestigious departments because people think they don't do anybody any good. The continued well-being of the profession requires that it hold out at least the promise of effective therapy.

And what if that promise is largely illusory? Assuming modern psychology adds little or nothing to the mental well-being of the truly disturbed, are we any worse off than we were before it came along? We sure are. Decades of braggadocio from psychologists have spawned, with less-than-happy results, a therapy-starved public that professionals can neither serve nor satiate. We've all become used to hearing friends rhapsodize about the latest brand of pop psychology, be it TM, T-A, est, or even scream therapy ("F— you! I'm entitled! F— you! I'm me!" incidentally, is what they scream). Some of us actually have learned to tolerate paperback bookstores that carry little more than the collected works of Werner Erhard and the hate-your-way-to-success-and-power anthology. But I had no idea how far things had gone until I started browsing through the psychology section of the Johns Hopkins University bookstore this fall (it could as easily have been Harvard, Berkeley, or Bimidgi State, I expect). There amidst the Freud, Jung, and Horney—dominating them, almost—were titles such as these: *How to Get Angry Without Feeling Guilty*, *The Complete Bio-Cycle Book*, *Psycho-Cybernetics*, *Beyond est*, *The Body Language of Sex*, *Power and Aggression* ("How to Recognize It and How to Use It"), and—steady now—*S-M: The Last Taboo* ("S-M allows our aggressive instincts... to be released in the bedroom rather than the battlefield"). The space that these and similar works occupied on the psychology shelves of this major scientific university's bookstore—space that would preferably be filled with legitimate scholarly books if there were any reason to read them—may be the best index of all of how insane the hunger for psychology, in whatever bastardized form, is driving us. Psychology has been Eve, Pandora, and the Sorcerer's Apprentice rolled into one, freeing selfish excesses in the human spirit that it cannot hope to control or contain. ■

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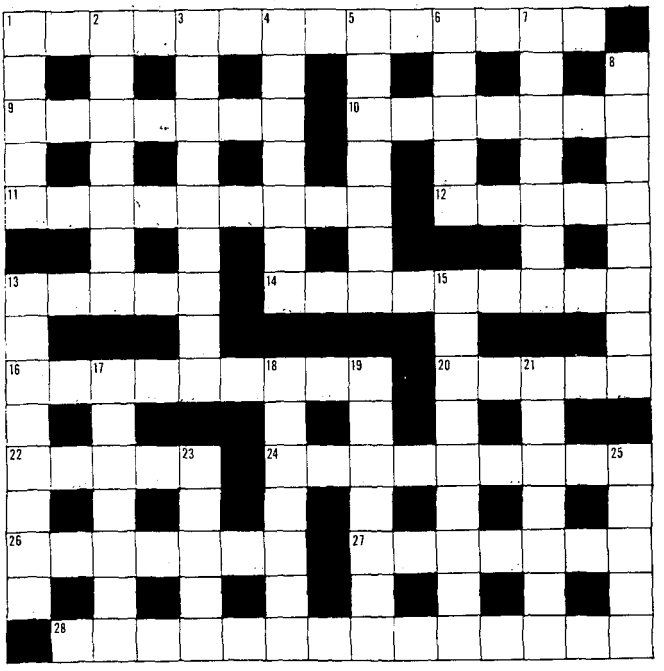
the political puzzle

by John Barclay



ACROSS

1. Johnson and Nixon at one time. (4,10)
9. Alarm rattles shaken. (7)
10. Loyal U.S. Southern pronouns displayed. (3,4)
11. Stir up Ali with crazy song. (9)
12. Three arranged where to go. (5)
13. Cannot put New York back in the carpet. (5)
14. Cost tower constructed for second front. (6,3)
16. Coin feint may be dangerous to your health. (9)
20. Cut back first part of deciduous tree. (5)
22. A ringing out West in a bug coming back. (5)
24. Location for awkward camel pose. (9)
26. Beginning translated from Latin II. (7)
27. Ten gins upset birds at home. (7)
28. Thirteen out of fifty. (8,6)

DOWN

1. Clothing which confers authority? (5)
2. Goodness! It does make Ray itch. (7)
3. Rita topic confused the faithful. (9)
4. Yes, fuel somehow brings out the beautiful ones. (7)
5. Fix 601 around lily in a way to come out perfect. (7)
6. Rejoice in finding something in index ultimately. (5)
7. Put everybody in exam to determine highest. (7)
8. One drug which makes a heavenly body? (8)
13. Keep up something with a man in it strangely. (8)
15. No topside collapse when something is stored. (2,7)
17. Ark life could be further out. (7)
18. Medicine dispersed in Linus. (7)
19. Man lion somehow should be designated. (7)
21. Vehicle from Spanish river in talk. (7)
23. Departure finds its roots in Chicago ingenuity. (5)
25. Far out places in exaggerated gestures. (5)

The numbers indicate the number of letters and words, e.g., (2,3) means a two-letter word followed by a three-letter word. Groups of letters, e.g., USA, are treated as one word. Answers to last month's puzzle are on page 20.

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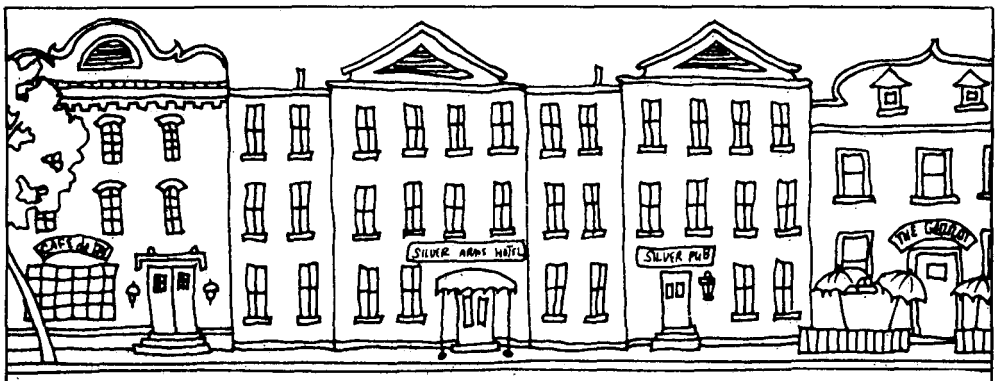

Where to Stay in Washington

FOGGY BOTTOM

If you're planning a stay in Washington, the hotels in the Foggy Bottom area have a lot going for them—they're all within a few blocks of a subway station and near a host of federal agencies: State, AID, ICA, Interior, GSA, Civil Service Commission, Federal Reserve Board, FDIC and EEOC, among others. They're also within walking distance of downtown and Georgetown, and in Foggy Bottom itself, you'll find the Kennedy Center, the Watergate complex, and Rock Creek Park. But the best part is that if you don't like your hotel cluttered with conventions, you won't find them here. None of the hotels accepts convention business, and some won't even take tour groups. And because most have rooms with kitchens, they are ideal for long-term stays and for those who want to cut down on costs by cooking their own meals.

The **Allen Lee**, 2224 F St. N.W., (202) 331-1224, is a place to sleep and not much else, but the rates take this into account. With bath: Single, $15-$25. Double, $22-$25. Without bath: Single, $10-$14. Double, $15-$18. Weekly rates, $45-$90. Each additional person, $2. Children under 12 free. All rooms have TV and air conditioner, but there are no parking facilities.

Guest Quarters, 2500 Pennsylvania Ave. N.W., (202) 338-8060 and 801 New Hampshire Ave. N.W. (202) 785-2000. Both these apartment hotels have roomy one-bedroom suites with warm, contemporary decor and well-equipped kitchens. The hotel will fill your grocery order at retail prices, and there's room service and full catering service from a nearby restaurant. Bedrooms have light-proof curtains and digital clock-radios. The living areas can be turned into meeting rooms by moving in a conference table and chairs. Laundromat in basement. Brand-new this fall, 2500 Pennsylvania is just two blocks across the bridge from Georgetown. The prices are slightly higher than the four-year old 801 New Hampshire: Single, $64. Double, $74. 801 New Hampshire is near the Kennedy Center and Watergate complex and has a roof-top terrace and small pool. Single, $62. Double, $72. At both hotels: each additional person, $8; children under 18, $4; parking $3 a day. Long term leases and holiday and weekend discounts available.

Howard Johnson's Motor Lodge, 2601 Virginia Ave. N.W., (202) 965-2700. Standard Howard Johnson's fare—reasonable prices for plastic motel-modern, not especially roomy quarters. What little ambiance you'll find is primarily due to its location, which, in case you've forgotten your history, is directly across the street from the Watergate complex. There's no room service, but the typical Howard Johnson's family-style restaurant is open 24 hours and has a carry-out. All rooms have refrigerators and TV, there's a bar/lounge, and in season, sun roof and pool. Singles, $34. Doubles, $42. Each additional person (including children), $4. *Free* parking.

The Intrigue, 824 New Hampshire Ave. N.W., (202) 337-6620, has comfortably

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furnished rooms—some of the upper floor rooms have splendid views—with fully equipped kitchens, and it is just a few minutes' walk to the Watergate Mall and Safeway. The Intrigue restaurant, off the lobby (see below), serves lunch and dinner and provides room service for all three meals. Laundromat in basement. Efficiencies (studio-couch beds): Single, $35. Double, $45. One bedroom: Single, $45. Double, $55. (Eight per cent hotel tax already included.) Each additional person, $5. Children under 12 free. Weekly and monthly rates available. A few parking spaces, $2.25 a day.

One Washington Circle, 1 Washington Circle N.W., (202) 872-1680, was one of the nicer apartment buildings in this area and is continuing this tradition as a hotel. The rooms are very attractive, modern, all with kitchens, and the hotel can provide grocery service, catered in-room meals as well as room service. A restaurant is planned for 1979. Most of the rooms have balconies, all get free *Washington Posts* in the morning and a weather report with the wake-up call. In addition, there's a laundromat, irons and ironing boards, swimming pool and sundeck, and a conference room that accommodates up to 100 people. Rooms: Single, $56. Double, $66. Suites: Single, $62-80. Double, $72-$90. Each additional person, $8. Children under 12 free. Long-term rates, group discounts, and very attractive weekend packages available. Parking $3 a day.

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The Park Central, 705 18th St. N.W., (202) 393-4700, is the closest to the business district, and if you've any reason to visit the White House, OMB, ICA, World Bank or IMF, GSA, Civil Service Commission, or George Washington University, you don't have more than a two-block walk. The accommodations are modest but comfortable. All efficiencies and suites have fully equipped kitchens (groceries available in the drug store downstairs). In addition to Blackie's Jr., just off the lobby, for steaks and burgers, there are two coffee shops nearby. There's a laundromat and a roof garden in season. Rooms: Single, $33. Double, $40. Efficiencies and suites: Single, $34-$38. Double, $41-$45. Each additional person, $5. Children under 12 (maximum of 2) free. Long-term rates on request. Government, academic, and embassy discounts. No parking facilities, although there are garages nearby.

The River Inn, 924 25th St. N.W., (202) 337-7600, is under the same management as One Washington Circle (above) and has similar room plans with the same attractive decor, amenities, and services—except no pool or balconies. A restaurant will open in December. Studio: Single, $44-$47. Double, $52-$55. One bedroom: Single, $54-$57. Double, $62-$65. (The higher rates are for rooms with river views.) Each additional person, $5. Long-term rates available, children under 12 free. *Free* parking.

Riverside Towers, 2201 Virginia Ave. N.W., (202) 452-4600. The main advantage here is location—across the street from the Pan American and World Health Organizations, one block to State and AID and EEOC, and two or three blocks to Interior, the Federal Reserve, and the Civil Service Commission. The rooms are comfortable, furnished in traditional style, all with fully equipped kitchens, a few with balconies. There's no restaurant or room service, but free coffee is served in the lobby in the morning. Laundromat in basement. Efficiencies (pull-out sofa bed), $33 for one occupant. Each additional person, $2. Studios and one bedroom, $38

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and $48, respectively, for one occupant. Each additional person, $3. Weekly and monthly rates 25 to 30 per cent lower. *No children under 10* accepted—only infants in arms. Limited parking, $3 a day.

The Watergate Hotel, 2650 Virginia Ave. N.W., (202) 965-2300. This is a luxury hotel, with prices to match. It's situated on the river right next to the Kennedy Center and is directly linked to the Watergate Mall, office buildings, and Les Champs boutiques. The rooms are spacious and tastefully decorated in traditional style, some with balconies, all with a pleasant view overlooking the river or the gardens. If you're feeling flabby—perhaps from overconsumption of the complimentary bedside chocolate mints—you can take advantage of the indoor pool and exercise room at the Watergate Health Club at no charge. The Watergate Terrace restaurant (see below) serves all three meals. No conventions are permitted, but there are five meeting rooms for smaller get-togethers. All the suites and the larger rooms have kitchenettes—sink and refrigerator always available, one-time $10 fee for use of the stove and utensils. Rooms: Single, $62 and $74. Double, $74 and $86. Suites: Various sizes and arrangements from $86 to $200. Each additional person, $12. Children under 12 free if no cots needed. Long-term rates available. Indoor parking, $4 a day.

Foggy Bottom is not the gourmet center of Washington, but there are a few restaurants in the area you should be sure to check into, and some you definitely should not. In the former category are **Dominique's**, 1900 Pennsylvania Ave., and **Le Gaulois**, 2133 Pennsylvania, two of the half-dozen or so most highly rated French restaurants in Washington. Dominique's is expensive, but justifies it with an ambitious (wild boar, venison) and consistently outstanding menu, from appetizer through dessert. Le Gaulois serves delicious, simpler fare in an informal atmosphere at extremely reasonable prices. A new restaurant, **Le Jardin**, 1113 23rd St., is receiving good reviews both for its pleasant wicker and greenery atmosphere and moderate to expensive cuisine.

In the vicinity of the Kennedy Center, **Les Champs**, in the Watergate complex, is moderately priced, comfortable, with a varied menu and salad bar. More expensive are **The Intrigue**, 824 New Hampshire Ave., with its intimate, paneled decor and continental cuisine, and **The Golden Table**, 528 23rd St. (Columbia Plaza). The view from **Act III**, at the top of the Kennedy Center, is fabulous but does not make up for the prices you pay for the undistinguished food. The two other restaurants at the Center—**Act I**, a cafeteria, and **Act II**, cafe-style—are less expensive, but also not highly recommended. If you're staying in the Watergate Hotel, the **Watergate Terrace** is convenient, but its food doesn't always live up to its prices, which are definitely in the expensive category, especially at breakfast and lunch (except for the $5.95 eat-all-you-want breakfast buffet).

Around Pennsylvania Avenue you'll find the pub-style establishments, heavily populated by George Washington University students and the after-work singles: **Red Lion Inn**, 2024 I St.; **Frickie's**, 2512 Pennsylvania; **One Step Down**, 2517 Pennsylvania; and **Tammany Hall**, **Mr. Henry's**, **Twenty-First Amendment**, and **Top O'Foolery**, all in the 2100 block of Pennsylvania. **Sarsfield's**, 2524 L St., once *the* place, has lost its status since the person who brought it into the limelight—Hamilton Jordan—seems to have lost interest, as have his fellow White House staff members. Go to these places more for a beer or a drink than for a meal, which is usually pretty standard deli/burger fare. Several offer live jazz or other music in the evening.

There are three Italian restaurants—**Marrocco's**, 1913 Pennsylvania Ave., and **Trieste**, 2138½ Pennsylvania Ave., both moderately priced neighborhood restaurants serving Southern Italian fare, and **Da Vinci's**, 2514 L St., more expensive Northern Italian, with mixed reviews but worth a try. **Adam's Rib**, 2100 Pennsylvania Ave., has moderately expensive American dishes with some Greek specialties, and at the **Swiss Chalet**, 2122 Pennsylvania, there's cheese fondue, Swiss steak, quiche and other traditional Swiss fare at moderate prices.

For the low-price, no-frills basics: for breakfast it's **Howard Johnson's** breakfast cafeteria and the regular restaurant the rest of the day (and all night), the **Governor Shepherd**, 2121 Virginia Ave., for lunch and dinner, and **People's Drug Store** counter in the Watergate Mall for breakfast and lunch.

. . . . But wait a minute. . . . what about all those rooms with kitchenettes?

—*Carol Trueblood*

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Richard Reeves on Political Books

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foreign control because of Crowe's book. *America for Sale* is a serious, well-timed piece of journalism. He concludes: "The United States must formulate an economic equivalent of the Monroe Doctrine—a national policy which clearly prohibits foreign governments or their agencies from making controlling investments in corporate America and which would impose on the Commerce Department its own suggested role of continuous monitoring, analysis, and disclosure of the impact of all foreign investments, private and government, on the nation's economy.

I'm all for the second part of the doctrine. The first part seems less compelling, partly because, as Crowe points out, with Swiss banking laws and various other commercial dodges, we haven't been able to figure out which foreign involvements are governmental and which are private.

Crowe's focus, of course, is on the Arabs. The petrobillionaires have a lot of money in our big banks—Paul Erdman made a fortune writing fiction about what that could mean—and have bought a few things like a bank in Detroit and a construction firm in Houston. There will be more, much more I'm sure. Arab businessmen I've met, educated at Stanford, the University of Southern California, and Harvard, and often married to Americans, see themselves as some kind of half-Americans. Whatever their hang-ups about Jews—"Zionists," they would say—they want their money securely in the U.S.A. "Our choice is America," said Kutayba Alghanim, a Kuwaiti quoted by Crowe. "A new idea is accepted, people's minds are open. . . . If the whole world turns Communist, the last country will be the United States."

Crowe worries that the Arabs are buying up our political types—John Connally, Spiro Agnew, Bert Lance, James Abourezk, Clark Clifford, Fred Dutton. So do I. He worries that the British own Brown and Williamson Tobacco, Gimbel's, Keebler cookies, and part of Sohio oil; that the Canadians own Seagram's and Alcan aluminum; that the Swiss own Nestle's chocolate and Ciba pharmaceuticals; that the Japanese are buying up Hawaiian real estate, and on and on. That is perhaps troublesome, but I tend to put it in the context of a conversation I once had with a Saudi friend about attempts to prevent Arabs from buying farmland in Iowa. "Look," he said, "we just see the land as a good investment. We can't take it from you, you know."

And, unless we decide to take their oil from them—or really do something about alternate forms of energy—America is going to have to start dealing with the fact that this is a new world. We—I am basically thinking of politicians and political commentators—seem to have no clear idea of what we want or what we are doing in the arenas of international trade. The Arabs, or as Crowe calls them, "the midget nations," do have an idea: they are attempting to replace their inevitably declining oil base with a secure investment base.

In a "giant nation," the United States, there seems to be no thought-out public policy on trade or foreign ownership—and, of course, we are the foreigners who are owners in a lot of places, big and small. Rather, as the world has changed, we have stuck with business-defined policies piled under the umbrella of "free trade." Maybe the free traders are right, but I do seem to notice that small American companies are forced to lay off their workers—even workers earning only the minimum wage—because they cannot manufacture certain goods here at the price at which the French or Italians, to say nothing of the Taiwanese, can *sell* comparable goods anywhere in the United States. And, I am not much persuaded by free trade arguments made by big American companies, actually multinational in every sense of the word, that want to manufacture in Korea to sell in Chile.

I am not, with apologies to Kenneth Crowe, quite alarmed yet. Just troubled. ■

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political book notes

Public affairs books to be published in December.

Antitrust Action and Market Structure. Don E. Waldman. Lexington, $18. The well-publicized delays and snafus in recent government antitrust suits have given those efforts a bad name, so it's worth noting this dull, but informative study. Waldman has taken a look at 12 of the biggest antitrust cases since World War II to see if they did any good. His finding: "Contrary to popular belief, antitrust often works." In most of the cases, the result was more competition, lower prices, and a more efficient use of resources. This happened, Waldman says, whether the government won the suit or lost—since the *threat* of a suit often encouraged dominant firms to let their competitors into markets that previously had been locked up. His best example is the DuPont company, which went so far as to build a plant for its competitors while it was being sued for monopolizing the cellophane market.

Since the suits he examined had these beneficial effects, Waldman concludes the government should bring more of them—particularly against firms that dominate major industries. GM, he suggests, is one obvious target. And since it's the threat of a suit, and not the actual victory, that counts, there's no need to delay while working out the legal details. Any old lawsuit will do, as long as it promises to do something really nasty, like splitting GM into smaller companies. But breaking up GM has been the trust-busters' holy grail for much of this century. The threat of suit seems only to have encouraged our most efficient automaker to pull its competitive punches—keeping inefficient, poorly-managed companies like American Motors afloat. So, just threatening to break up GM may not be such a great idea—at some point you've actually got to do it. And then all those delays and snafus that result from conducting antitrust policy by lawsuit become a lot more troubling than Waldman's sanguine view admits.

—Robert M. Kaus

Breakdown of Democratic Regimes. Juan J. Linz, Alfred Stepan, eds. Johns Hopkins, $35.

Breakdown of Democratic Regimes: Chile. Arturo Valenzuela. Johns Hopkins, $3.95.

Can Government Go Bankrupt? Richard Rose, Guy Peters. Basic, $12.50. This title is a little misleading—Rose and Peters know that governments, no matter what their financial straits, can't go bankrupt in the same sense a corporation can—but their message is a grim one nevertheless. They argue that Western governments that continue to spend more than they take in—and that's just about all of them—face the prospect of "political bankruptcy," a political end of the line, sometime down the road.

Their thesis rests on the assumption that at the point at which government spending for public programs begins to cut into citizens' take-home pay in very visible ways (through higher taxes as opposed to, say, inflation), citizens will simply turn their backs on government. "The distinctive feature of a politically bankrupt regime is that citizens are indifferent to it," they write, adding, "Citizens are not prepared to finance additional government programs by accepting a cut in the absolute value of their take-home pay."

—Joseph Nocera

Children's Rights: Contemporary Perspectives. Patricia A. Vardin, Ilene N. Brody, eds. Teachers College Press, $6.95.

The Civil Rights Injunction. Owen M. Fiss. Indiana University, $10.95.

A Class-Action Suit That Worked: The Consumer Refund in the Antibiotic Antitrust Litigation. Thomas C. Bartsh, Francis M. Boddy, Benjamin F. King, Peter N. Thompson. Lexington, $25.

Corporate Imperialism: Conflict and Expropriation. Norman Girvan. Monthly Review Press, $5.95. In this socialist account of third world rip-offs by multinational corporations, Girvan walks us through the economic intricacies of just how multinationals conspire to deprive

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mineral-rich developing countries of the profits—and resulting benefits—of their own wealth.

He examines in some detail how these often monolithic corporations control every step of the production process, from extraction of the raw materials to marketing of the finished product, leaving the host country's role that of, well, a host—supplying the goods and the labor and getting left with the mess in the end.

Girvan points out one frequently missed contradiction: often the multinationals set up capital intensive factories in nations whose prime resources are raw materials and people. They are thus forced to import the unavailable capital goods. In the process, they often make no effort to affect the growth of a viable support economy in the host country.

—Dan Ambrose

The Day the Bomb Fell on America: True Stories of the Nuclear Age. Clyde Burleson. Prentice-Hall, $9.95.

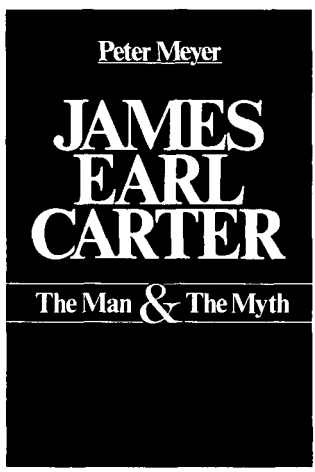
Egypt's Uncertain Revolution Under Nasser and Sadat. Raymond William Baker. Harvard, $16.

The Great American Newspaper: The Story of the *Village Voice*. Kevin McAuliffe. Scribner's, $14.95. The tip-off comes early—in the last paragraph of the foreward. "Thanks, most of all," writes author McAuliffe, "to Dan Wolf, who broke two decades of circumspection and finally chose to let someone inside his head, and who made that someone me. . . I am in his debt, permanently, and glad to be."

You bet he is. What we have here is a classic case of a reporter being a prisoner of his source. The result is a book full of white hats and black hats, and no one's hat is whiter than Dan Wolf's, a founder, and for nearly 20 years, the editor of the *Village Voice*, America's first and foremost alternative newspaper. The old days, of course, are the good days; Wolf is busy discovering great talent and putting out his lively, if ragged paper amidst an atmosphere of ferment and excitement. He spends his days being the alternative version of William Shawn, coaxing work from writers that even *they* didn't think they had in them.

And guess who the bad guys are? That's not hard—Clay Felker, who bought the paper late in 1974; Carter Burden, the principle stockholder who sold Wolf down the river; Alexander Cockburn and other writers who didn't see things Wolf's way

JAMES EARL CARTER: The Man and the Myth *by Peter Meyer*



As the Carter presidency continues down a rocky road with bewildered Democrats and Republicans looking into his dust, here is the first volume to demythologize and debunk the "miracle" of Jimmy Carter. Now, after four years of tedious "Jimmy Who?" books and articles, journalist Peter Meyer chronicles the thirty-ninth president's sins, lies, distortions, and transparent political persona.

Meyer details the Carter principles which have so easily fallen in the face of opportunity. Carter's much-touted religious commitment has been called by even his closest adviser, Hamilton Jordan, the "weirdo factor." As Meyer's heavily researched picture comes into focus, there appears a Jimmy Carter who has as much substance as Richard Nixon.

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during the traumatic times, and so on.

Well, there may be some truth to all of that, but the voice behind so much of this book, behind so many of its anecdotes, and descriptions (and outright character assassinations in some cases) is so obviously Wolf's, that it is hard to put much stock in McAuliffe's one-sided version of the history of the *Voice*.

For people who have read the *Voice* for years, who know all the players and remember all the literary feuds that were carried on in its pages, there is a lot of enjoyable stuff here—anecdotal bits on practically everyone who ever wrote for the paper, and a great deal of excerpting from its pages. (About Jack Newfield, the paper's renowned investigative reporter, for example, McAuliffe writes that he refused to sign the entry form for the Pulitzer Prize for which the paper wanted to nominate him for his stories about Bernard Bergman's nursing homes. "How could you do that?" he was asked. "Don't you want a Pulitzer?" "Nah," he said, "they're fixed.")

But if you're not a *Voice* groupie, you'll find this book overly long, horribly overwritten, and cluttered with cheap shots (for the bad guys) and virtual canonization (for the good guys).

—*J. N.*

How to Be Your Own Lawyer (Sometimes). Walter L. Kantrowitz, Howard Eisenberg. Putnam, $12.95.

The Law of Value and Historical Materialism. Samir Amin. Monthly Review Press, $6.50.

Lobbying the Corporation: Citizen Challenges to Business Authority. David Vogel. Basic, $14.95. According to the old Norman legend, an aggrieved person could bring a complaint against his neighbor, feudal officialdom, or a Duke with the cry of "Ha! Rollo!" The Duke would then have to hear the case and render a verdict by judging it "according to the law of God and good conscience."

The cry of "Ha! Rollo!" is being heard increasingly from citizen activists, challenging U.S. businesses. But David Vogel writes here that the new corporate gadfly is still leaving it up to the Duke. Their attacks are directed at "the judgement of management, not its power."

The corporate activists' successes, whether through proxy, boycott, or publicity, are limited. Honeywell continues in the anti-personnel arms business, and Gulf Oil couldn't be budged out of Angola. But Polaroid stopped sales in South Africa and many U.S. firms have adopted the compromises of separate-but-equal employment opportunities and conditions in their subsidiaries in that country.

Today's protests against U.S. business are not the direct hits of the Judy Holliday proxy fight (you remember that, don't you—the 1950s movie "Solid Gold Cadillac") that toppled corrupt management.

Vogel's sometimes pedantic book is not, thank goodness, a primer on corporate activism. Although he makes it clear from the beginning where his sympathies lie—he claims to be an alumnus of the picket lines in front of Woolworth's lunch counter in the civil rights days—Vogel goes overboard in his effort to be even-handed to both sides.

Lobbying the Corporation runs through some solid examples of both citizen groups' tactics and business responses. He concludes that corporate activists are making strides, but not hitting pay dirt. For every case of broader corporate-board representation, and companies that have given almost trade-union status to negotiations with stockholders on public oriented shareholder resolutions, there are just as many instances of numerous corporations holding annual stockholder meetings on the same day. And for most stockholders, the issue is still not corporate responsibility, but the bottom line of the balance sheet.

If you're looking for an answer about where the movement may be going from here, search a little further. Vogel didn't.

—*Julia Rose*

National Party Platforms. Donald Bruce Johnson, ed. University of Illinois, $30.

Political Values and the Educated Class in Africa. Ali A. Mazrui. University of California, $18.50.

The Presidential Debates: Media, Electoral and Policy Perspectives. George F. Bishop, Robert G. Meadow, Marilyn Jackson-Beeck, eds. Praeger, $25.

The Regional Impact of Monetary Policy in the United States. Randall J. Miller. Lexington, $17.95.

School Desegregation Policy: Compliance, Avoidance, and the Metropolitan

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Remedy. Everett F. Cataldo, Michael W. Giles, Douglas S. Gatlin. Lexington, $11.95.

Science in a Free Society. Paul Feyerabend. Schocken, $15.50.

Senator Joe McCarthy. David Oshinsky. Free Press, $12.95.

Soviet Perceptions of the United States. Morton Schwartz. University of California, $12.50.

Spying on Americans: Political Surveillance from Hoover to the Huston Plan. Athan Theoharis. Temple, $15. Whew! Theoharis, a former consultant to the Senate Select Committee on Intelligence Activities (the so-called Church committee), has written an exhaustive book—a massive and detailed compilation of all the ways our government has spied on us. It's a trip down memory lane—with excursions to the Huston Plan; the illegal wiretapping, break-ins, and mail openings; the loyalty and security programs and all the rest. Although Theoharis ought to be able to give us the perspective of an insider, inasmuch as he did some of the original investigating of this material for the Church committee, his book doesn't reflect that. It relies entirely on information published elsewhere—particularly the Church committee's final report—and thus contains little that is new. The author is clearly more interested in being comprehensive and he is—to a point.

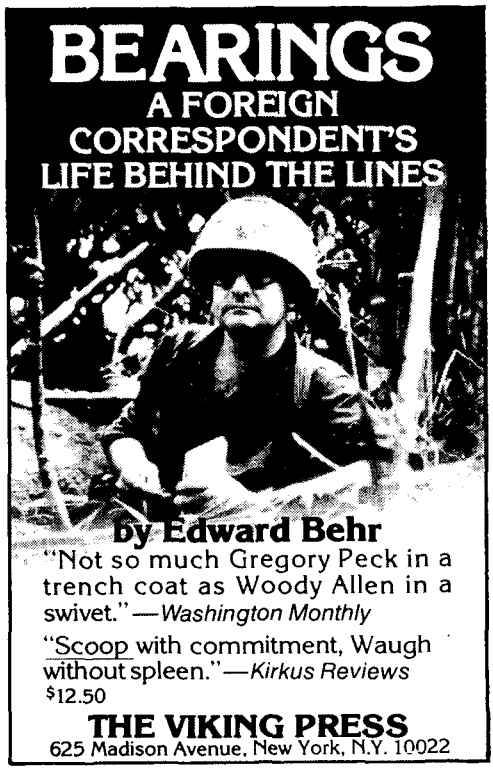
One of the things that has always troubled me about the Chruch committee and the other investigations into the excesses of American intelligence is their failure to relate any of the illegal acts committed by the intelligence community to the lives of the people they affected. There are, for example, on file at the FBI, thousands of pages of internal documents on the Security Index—a subject to which Theoharis devotes an entire chapter. These raw files tell a story that Theoharis hasn't—about the people in Cleveland or Pittsburgh or Los Angeles who lost their jobs after the FBI had tipped off their employers that they were "security risks" who would be detained in the event of a national emergency. This, however, isn't information that has been mined by a political scientist or put into book form by a journalist, so it sits there, unread and unused.

That's a shame, because it's that kind of information that would lead to the right kind of reform of the intelligence agencies in this country. Instead Theoharis gives us pages of speculation (all based on published sources, of course), about whether Truman knew or didn't know what kind of illegal activities were going on about him. And after 228 pages of data, data, data, on spying, Theoharis has tacked on a 16-page "conclusion" that is as disappointing as the rest of this book. His reasons for the excesses are predictable: liberals didn't have the nerve to stand up to McCarthyism; Truman and Eisenhower were manipulated by devious aides; there was inadequate executive oversight of the intelligence bureaucracy. And he notes angrily (and predictably), the times have changed, the clamor for reforming the intelligence agencies seems to have died. There's not much here that Nat Hentoff or Tom Wicker haven't said before—and better.

—*J. N.*

Which Side Are You On? Harlan County Coal Miners, 1931-39. John W. Hevener. University of Illinois, $10.

The Zionist Connection: What Price Peace? Alfred A. Lilienthal. Dodd, Mead, $19.95.



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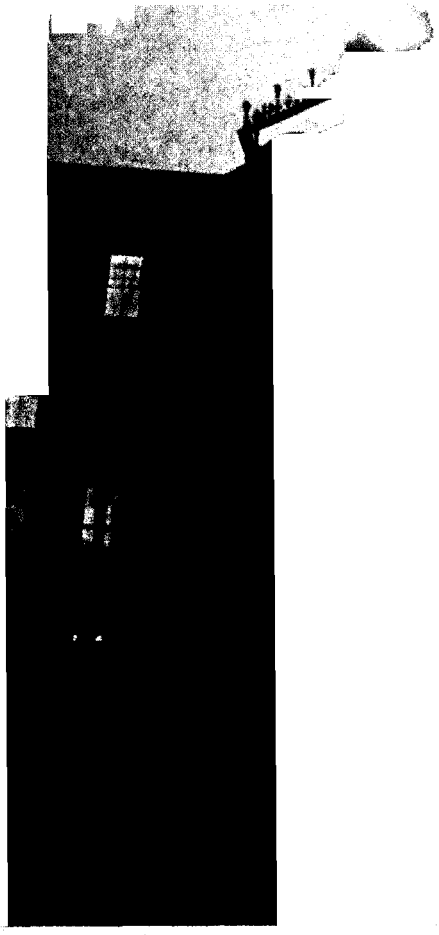


Main intersection at a Hollywood oil field.

"This is the set where they shot 'Hello, Dolly!' What you can't see is us pumping oil behind it."

"One of the strangest places I ever produced oil," says Gulf Production Superintendent Eddie Culbertson, "was right here in Los Angeles, in the back lot of the 20th Century-Fox studio.

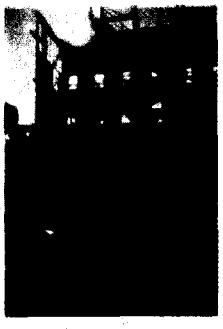
"They found a big oil field right under a permanent set being used for shooting the movie 'Hello, Dolly!' in 1969.

The indirect approach

"How do you get at the oil without disturbing the set, the streets, or the buildings? With a technique called directional drilling. The oil is as far as one mile from the surface location of the drill sites, which were hidden by the scenery.

"We showed them how they could have their oil and their movies."

"Directional drilling has other advantages. You can drill 20 or 30 wells from just one drill site. Or you can drill for some offshore oil without putting the drilling rig right in the water.



"Behind the scenery are 22 producing oil wells."

Keep America beautiful

"Sometimes it's a real challenge getting the oil without spoiling the landscape. Directional drilling is one way to do it. There are many more.

"Getting the oil out and preserving the environment is a challenge, but I'd say we were meeting it very well."

Gulf

Gulf people: meeting the challenge.

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